New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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From Calvary to Aldermaston

WHEN this week-end's march to the atomic weapons establishment at Aldermaston was first planned, it was seen as a symbolic gesture – timed to coincide with the transcendental Christian tragedy of Easter – against the wickedness and lunacy of the arms-race. Thousands of men and women, walking like the old pilgrims on foot, were to bear witness against the lust for power which makes politicians and governments create weapons capable of destroying all mankind. But now the swift process of events, flickering between Washington and Moscow, has transformed the demonstration. From a moral pilgrimage, it has become a political opportunity of the first importance. To the Soviet announcement of the unilateral suspension of tests, it replies in the true, clear voice of western humanist decency.

For make no mistake: there is a profound difference in the tones of those participating in this dialogue. The voice of Mr Krushchev is crudely calculating. In the last 18 months, the Russians have exploded over 50 nuclear devices; there have been nine in the last month alone, including four of megaton size. Billions of cubic yards of poison have been thrust into the upper atmosphere, and Japanese scientists, operating on the periphery of the vast Soviet death-ranges, have sadly testified to the permanent erosion of world safety-levels which these holocausts have brought about. Now the series is over, and the evaluation of its results in the Soviet weapons factories will take a year or more. Very well, says Mr Krushchev, I have a heavy meal to digest: let us all stop eating until I am hungry again.

It would be easy to respond to Krushchev's cynicism with hard, unimaginative logic. Why, it can be said, should Britain and America abandon their forthcoming test series merely because the Russians have finished theirs? Why not delay accepting the Russian offer until we are all square again? Unilateral suspension gets us nowhere, and even general suspension is useless unless there is an agreed system of policing. Why allow Russia to reap military profit by surrendering to the blackmail of this crude propaganda?

But it is at this point that the Aldermaston march brings us back to realities. What, it asks, is the relevance of Soviet motives? No doubt they are disingenuous; but that does not matter. The important thing is the *fact* of Soviet suspension. Here, already, is a tiny step in the right direction. Let us, therefore, welcome it, and follow it with one of our own. Why worry if it means forgoing some marginal military advantage? After all, before the recent Soviet series began, Mr Krushchev boasted that 'Russia already possesses enough bombs to blow up the world twice over'. Does anyone seriously maintain that the West is not in a similar position? America, we know, has already exploded 90 H-bombs, against only 39 for Russia. The level of total annihilation has long since been passed; we are now merely experimenting with the metaphysical refinements of death.

This is the only sane answer to the Soviet offer. Nor need the West rest content with a reluctant acceptance. We can go a stage further. Let us, we can say, agree to stop testing; but why not also agree to set up neutral control-posts to ensure that we keep our word? Now is the moment for the first step, however timid, towards controlled disarmament. And we need not even stop here. Once the control-posts are operating, there can be no objection to a permanent suspension of tests, to which all nations of the world could subscribe, and which would automatically remove the yawning perspective of horror as France, Germany, and ultimately dozens of other powers obtain the bomb.

This is the purpose of Aldermaston. Those who march there are under no illusion that they can set right the world in a day, that they will banish the spectre of nuclear peril merely by shaming those who work in the British death-factory. But they will march, confident in the knowledge that, today, the leaders of the West can, if they choose, meet them at least part of the way. On last Monday's television screens, Mr Butler paraded the uneasy conscience of those who may one day have to push the button. Here, for him and his colleagues, are the glimmerings of a way out of their dilemma. If they refuse to take it, the world can, with justice, adapt Christ's words on the Cross: 'Father, forgive them not, for they do know what they do'.

Comments on the Week's News

Aldermaston

The Aldermaston protest march is already sure of resounding success. It began as a largely religious gesture organised by a small group of Christians and pacifists: it is now certain that the thousands who will assemble on Good Friday in Trafalgar Square for the opening rally will represent every shade of 'anti-Bomb' opinion. The principal significance of the march may be that it is the first political demonstration since the Labour election campaign of 1945 to have caught the imagination of the young and cleared the miasma of cynicism and apathy with which the under-40 generation has responded to the party game in the last 12 years. Many readers of this journal will wish to join the march, and for their convenience we print the following time-table:

Good Friday, 11 a.m.: Assemble Trafalgar Square
Good Friday, 8 p.m.: Isleworth Public Hall
Saturday, 2.45 p.m.: Salt Hills Recreation Ground, Slough
Saturday, 7.30 p.m.: Maidenhead Town Hall
Sunday, 7.30 p.m.: Reading Town Hall
Monday, 3.15 p.m.: Aldermaston, where a resolution will be put urging all three nuclear powers to agree to suspend the testing, manufacture and stockpiling of nuclear weapons.

During the march a register will be signed by all those taking part. The signatures will be presented at No. 10 Downing Street on Tuesday morning.

Premier Krushchev

No explanation has yet been given of Mr Krushchev's decision to take the premiership for himself, though the inevitable comparisons with Stalin have been drawn in the foreign press and, perhaps, by many in Russia itself. It may be a move to consolidate his personal power. The strangest feature of the change, indeed, is that it reverses the pattern followed throughout the Communist world after Stalin's death. First in the USSR, and then in the satellites, great trouble was taken to separate the posts of first secretary and premier. Now Mr Krushchev has joined them again. For what reason? One advantage is obvious. It means that Mr Krushchev can now conduct his personal diplomacy as the nominal as well as the effective head of the government: in his previous dealings with other statesmen he has clearly been uncomfortable because the requirements of protocol made him play second fiddle to Mr Bulganin. The change, however, must also be related to the complex connection between the Communist Party and the other powerful political machines in Soviet society – notably the government bureaucracy and the army. Mr Krushchev has spent several years trying to establish party supremacy, and the men who have gone – Beria, Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovitch and Zhukov – were removed because in their various ways they tried to buck this trend. The assumption of the premiership may thus be one more illustration of the way in which the party machine is being woven into the whole fabric of government, from security to economic planning and military command. But if this is what is happening, it is the opposite of Stalin's policy. Stalin used the state power, and especially the secret police, to strangle the party organisation and reduce it to a near-lifeless husk. Mr Krushchev has been at pains to give the party new vitality, and enormously increased responsibility at all levels of Soviet life. He may, of course, have jettisoned the concept of collective leadership, in the sense that there is no longer a balance of powerful personalities in the ruling group. But that never seems to have been Mr Krushchev's 'Leninist' reading of the phrase. By collective leadership he has meant the power of the party central committee to take the vital decisions according to the rule-book of democratic centralism. If a new cult of personality is beginning the place to look for it is in the party organisation, not in the formal offices of government.

Diefenbaker Home

The Conservative landslide in the Canadian election is as dramatic as the 1945 result was in Britain. The Liberal Party, which ruled Canada for over 20 years until last year, has been reduced to a dying rump. The Social Credit group has been wiped out and the CCF left with a bare eight seats. The reasons for this sensation are neither obscure nor alarming. Diefenbaker and the colonels, teachers and lawyers of his party have offered no clear political philosophy or policy. He has been electioneering solidly for the last 12 months, but has left no real impression of what he intends to do with the power he has sought. On the other hand, he has certainly become a radio and TV star, and there are 200 commercial radio and TV stations in Canada. Lester Pearson is now left as an outstanding international figure without an organisation or party platform at home. The Liberal Party has become flabby and anonymous during its years of virtually unchallenged office. Indeed in many respects it has drifted into a more reactionary attitude than that of the Conservatives. For apparently its only remedy for growing unemployment is to cut taxes, whereas Diefenbaker is at last pledged to a public works programme. The resultant situation is enigmatic. It has been said that the Liberals stole the social welfare programme of the CCF. It may even be that Diefenbaker will steal the same party's planning policy. Both parties have now to find a policy – the Conservatives to govern and the Liberals to rebuild in opposition.

Nasser Ascendant

Nasser's decision to visit Moscow is disturbing for the West, but it should come as no surprise. The invitation has been a standing one, issued over two years ago, and he has clearly delayed taking it up until he is in a position to make the most of it. Until three months ago, his stock was not rated high in the Kremlin. There, as in London and Washington, it was erroneously thought that the Sinai campaign had inflicted irreparable damage to his prestige. Shepilov, his patron in Moscow, was ousted; the Iron Curtain arms supply dwindled to a trickle; and Moscow even began to re-sell Egyptian cotton on world markets, thereby depressing world prices and inflicting material damage to the shaky Egyptian economy. Instead, Moscow took up Syria, where Communism had a real chance of gaining a political, as opposed to a merely propaganda, foothold; and last August's $300 million deal excited envy and irritation in Cairo. Since January, however, Nasser has more than regained the ground he lost. He now controls Syria, and has scattered Russia's allies in Damascus. Bakdash, who led the Syrian CP, is in exile in Prague, and his party – along with the rest – is banned. General Bizri has been 'retired'. Kaled El-Azem is out of office. The pro-Egyptian court party rules in Riyadh. Nasser, in short, now controls all the channels through which Soviet influence can be exerted in the Middle East. He is in a position, therefore, to drive a hard bargain with Krushchev. He will ask for more arms – including short-range rockets, equipped with conventional high-explosive war-heads – Soviet financing of the Aswan dam, as well as other important industrial projects, and 100 per cent. Soviet co-operation in his anti-Israeli drive at the UN, planned for this autumn. Krushchev will be disposed to give him what he wants, since he is astute enough to see that Nasser may be an important lever in levitating Mr Dulles to the summit.

After Torrington

Despite the narrow margin by which Mr Bonham-Carter scraped home at Torrington his victory has done more than raise Liberal morale. Once the Liberals can establish their ability to win, in areas where they already have a substantial vote, they will be able to attract a good many electors who have hitherto been impressed by the claim that a Liberal vote is a wasted vote. They have, moreover, greatly increased their bargaining power. No one knows, not even the Liberal leaders themselves, whether their interests will in the long run be best served by open conflict with the Tories, by local anti-Socialist pacts, or by some kind of arrangement which would give the Liberals a free run in the West and Wales in return for abstention elsewhere. By the time the general election comes they may choose any of these three courses, or be glad to accept whatever terms the Tories then feel disposed to offer. But, for the present, they need not choose: whatever success they have – and this may include the filching of enough Tory votes in South Ealing to bring the Labour candidate within sight of Westminster – will anger the Tories but it will give Mr Grimond more room to manoeuvre. He and his colleagues, of course, would like to gather sufficient support to bargain for a change in the electoral system, one of the few issues on which Liberal candidates seem to speak with unanimity, but they will have to win a good many seats under the present system before that line of argument will be taken seriously. Their success at Torrington, indeed, may prove some embarrassment to them. To maintain their momentum, they must do well elsewhere – and the better they do the more necessary it will be for them to resolve some of their dilemmas of policy and tactics.

NEXT WEEK

Nehru's India, 1958

A special supplement by KINGSLEY MARTIN, who has just returned from a two-month visit to India

Profile of the Chancellor

with a drawing by VICKY

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Campaign Against Atomic Death

A Correspondent writes: When the Bundestag recently decided to equip the new German armed forces with nuclear weapons – for that is what the recent debate means when the Nato trappings are removed – the Social Democrats declared this was for them only the beginning of a new struggle against such a decision. What had been lost temporarily in parliament they would seek to regain through public opinion in the country. They had already started their campaign 'against atomic death' in the recent Frankfurt rally. But the Chancellor's speedy move in getting the postponed Bundestag debate brought forward had prevented any gathering storm of public protests from breaking over Bonn while the deputies were debating.

Now the SPD, and those from non-political circles who support their attitude, are busy planning demonstrations of all kinds throughout the Federal Republic. Roughly speaking, the same sections of the population are behind them as in Britain. And it is probable that if a public opinion poll were taken in the near future, the result would be a majority against nuclear warfare. The SPD are demanding in effect no nuclear weapons for the Bundeswehr, none for foreign troops stationed on German territory, and a nuclear-free zone in central Europe. Within the party itself, as in the Labour Party, there are differences of opinion about these issues. These vary from those of the pacifists who would never accept nuclear weapons to those of the moderates who would probably accept under certain conditions. But in the open, the party presents a strong united front.

The SPD, and the others opposed to 'atomic death', plan large-scale protest demonstrations during the coming months, in the hope of bringing pressure to bear upon the government before nuclear arming actually takes place. Protests within the Bundestag itself seem of little avail. The SPD intends to introduce a bill making possible a referendum on this issue. They can justifiably argue that the electorate have not been consulted about it. (The mandate given on 15 September last was certainly *not* concerned with nuclear arms.) But it is almost inconceivable that this bill will get beyond its first reading. The government can prevent the necessary two-thirds majority for such a change in the federal constitution; and there is a general feeling against a direct appeal to the people, in view of the experiences of the Weimar Republic.

Even more unrealisable appears the suggestion that this is a national emergency in which there should be a non-party government under some other chancellor than Konrad Adenauer. This would depend upon a constructive vote of no-confidence, which means majority acceptance of a successor to Adenauer. For the moment, it is just windmill-tilting. The SPD cannot expect much organised support from the trade union movement here. It is true that the trade union executive committee has promised active backing for any of its members who may refuse to work on nuclear weapon bases. But no direct action is contemplated. The idea of a general strike, token or prolonged, is rejected. Not only is it doubtful whether this would be generally supported by the workers themselves (since some of its sections are politically Christian Democratic Union in politics); there is also the danger of Communist interference. This the trade unions and the SPD want to avoid at all cost. To allow the faintest possibility of any co-operation of that sort would give their political opponents an opportunity which they would use to the full in every possible way.

As conditions appear here today, the SPD anti-nuclear arms campaign will contribute towards more serious consideration of this issue; but it hardly seems likely to have more success than did the anti-military conscription campaign of a year ago.

Moscow

Selling Off the Tractors

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: During the next two or three years, the state is going to sell for cash or on credit to the country's 78,000 collective farms some 20 billion roubles worth of farm machinery at present in the garages and parking lots of some 8,000 machine and tractor stations. This is part of the reorganisation measures that will change the status of two million machine operators and managerial executives, most of whom are expected to become collective farmers. Henceforth all but a few special-purpose machines will be acquired directly from the factories by the management boards of the collective farms, who will exercise full control over their employment in agriculture. Moreover the entire structure of the deliveries system, by which the farms provide the state with about 16 million tons of grain annually as payment in kind for the services rendered by the machine and tractor stations, will gradually be dismantled and a more flexible system of accounts introduced.

At first sight, this undoubted accession of strength and freedom to the *kolkhozes* might be read as a gain by the co-operators at the expense of the fully socialised state-sector in the national economy. That, it seems, is how some political economists here have reacted to Krushchev's Theses, and it is not surprising to learn that they belong to the group which has persistently urged the party to speed up the conversion of collectives into state farms. It may be assumed that some of the managers of vast and wealthy collective farms, too, once they are in possession of all the instruments of production will exhibit those autonomous tendencies which the party has condemned in the leadership of some of the new regional economic councils.

Krushchev, with the support of the influential political economist Ostrovitianov, has devoted a good deal of attention to this question. Basing his argument on Lenin, he denies that there is any contrast between the property of the whole people – nationalised property – and co-operative property. It is, he argues, merely a question of varying levels of socialisation. The main task is to strengthen and increase co-operative property up to the level of nationalised property. It is in the national interest that there should be an advance in agriculture, and an advance in agriculture can be obtained only by reinforcing collective-farm property. The system under which the productive force in agriculture was separated from the main implements of production is outmoded, extravagant and inefficient. The large consolidated *kolkhozes* of today (the average acreage is 5,000), each with its strong party organisation, can be trusted to use their new powers in the interests of the nation.

The passages in the Theses which appear to be addressed to any potential abusers of the new powers vested in the *kolkhozes* contain a reminder that the present property of the collective farms has been created with the active assistance of the whole working class. Machine and tractor stations have, for example, expended far more of their labour and capital than the state has received in return from the collectives. The state has often written off large debts incurred by *kolkhozes*; never has a single farm been auctioned off for debt. The wealth of the collective farm does, in fact, belong to the whole people. Thus does Krushchev reply to those who still think in terms of a basic contradiction between the peasant and workers.

Early as it is to forecast the course that will be taken by the *kolkhozes* in their new form, it seems likely that these farms will now be in a position to introduce certain measures hitherto found only on state farms, including a guaranteed minimum wage. They will certainly have to do this for the 1,500,000 machine operators who are expected to leave the reorganised machine and tractor stations for the *kolkhozes* in the near future.

Birmingham

Undertones of War

One expects echoes in a hall which is less than half full; and the audience in Birmingham's Town Hall last Saturday had been deliberately limited to 700 delegates from the West Midlands Region of the Labour Party. But what worried me was not the echo but the undertone.

The country does not know what Labour's policy is on nuclear weapons: it assumes that this policy is not very different from the government's. Indeed, when the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament launched its great Russell-Priestley meeting at the Central Hall, references to the Labour Party were derided as eagerly as references to the government. Yet the four immediate points for which the meeting was campaigning had already been accepted and, indeed, pressed by the Labour Party. To correct such ignorance, Transport House is promoting a series of regional conferences at which active party workers and, through them, the country as a whole may hear Labour's policy – as expressed in *Disarmament and Nuclear War*, the joint declaration of the party and the TUC. This is an excellent idea; but at the first conference on Saturday something went wrong.

One knew that the declaration was a compromise, a product of earnest and genuine give-and-take. It represented the maximum on which unity can at present be achieved in the party on this vital and difficult subject. But the meeting had hardly begun when the signs of disunity began to appear. Mr Robert Willis, General Secretary of the London Typographical Society and the representative of the TUC at the meeting, made the customary passing reference to the pacifists 'whose views we respect but do not share, etc.', and 'who would like to do away with all arms'. At once there was a gentle ripple round the hall as neighbour turned to neighbour, as if to say '. . . and that's what I'd like and all'. There were to be other such ripples, some anti-Americanism, some anti-German rearmament, some anti-British possession of the bomb. They hinted at the underlying disunities which still, inevitably, afflict the party.

Suddenly there was a sign of disunity from the platform itself. There had been rumours that a pamphlet written by Mr John Strachey, with a foreword by Mr Hugh Gaitskell and carrying, apparently, the approval of the National Executive, was to be published in time for Saturday's meeting. As Strachey's published views on nuclear weapons by no means command the same degree of support as the Declaration, these rumours had caused some alarm; and Bob Willis chose to bring this alarm into the open. 'I am waiting with some perturbation,' he said, 'for this pamphlet which I have not seen.' The TUC, he went on, had not been consulted about it and publication without consultation was one way to disunity. This did not jolt the audience, who possibly did not know what Willis was talking about. But his next sentence jolted everyone, including Hugh Gaitskell who was sitting on the other side of the table. 'Some people,' said Willis with scorn mounting in his throat, 'want us to use tactical atomic weapons as though the atom bomb was only a small thing. Let them tell that to Hiroshima!'

At this there was a surge rather than a ripple—and a surge which seemed to spread right over the hall. It looked as if Willis had restored unity to the meeting, until one remembered that among those who talked of using atomic tactical weapons were Strachey and George Brown, speaking officially from the front bench on behalf of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

When Gaitskell himself rose he did not refer to the pamphlet or to tactical atomic weapons. He used no dramatic language but was content to argue quietly and carefully. This was what the occasion demanded. So long as he stuck to the Declaration he carried his audience with him. But when he asserted that the Labour government's overwhelming reason for making the atom bomb was to increase Britain's influence with America and implied that the same reason justified our retention of the H-bomb, he was getting away from the Declaration into those regions where there is still hot debate in the National Executive, the Parliamentary Party and the movement as a whole—and where there is as yet no basis for unity.

There is no disgrace in disagreement and in the long run there is little but good in arguing disagreements publicly, for informed unity cannot be achieved otherwise. But the purpose of the present campaign is a limited one—to show the measure of agreement which has so far been reached, to educate the country as a whole to accept that agreement and to show clearly how and why Labour differs from the Conservatives. I felt that, on the whole, Saturday's meeting failed to do this. On that occasion, differences between Labour and the government still seemed somewhat overlaid by differences within the party itself.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Tea for Two

'Together again,' roared the *Express* and *Herald* in unison. 'They're Together Again,' shouted the *Mail*. But 'It is Goodbye Again,' shrieked the *Mirror*. The girl behind the station book stall, parcelling them up for me, snapped angrily, 'Why can't they stop interfering?' I assumed at first she meant the newspapers. But it turned out not. She meant the Royal Family and 'All these court people'. 'Why,' she said bitterly, 'It's as bad as Persia. Why can't they leave people alone?'

One of these days the varying response of the press to the Princess Margaret-Townsend story is going to provide a lot of fascinating material for the social historian. Here is to be found, etched in the nicest of gradations—if black type an inch and a half high can be described as etched—the exact place each stands in relation to the Establishment. For the *Mirror* and the *Sketch* the fact that Group Captain Townsend had been invited to take tea with Princess Margaret drove everything else not only off the front page but the back page also. And the middle pages too. 'Margaret Supremely Happy,' the *Mirror* told its readers. 'Round the World in 521 Days—to Have Tea with Margaret.' 'Just Friends Says the Palace,' reported the *Sketch* a shade glumly, but 'Again And Again He Phoned the Princess During His Travels'. A step up the escalator towards where the top people dwell, the *Express*, *Mail* and *Herald* all led with the meeting. They found room for other news on their front pages, but eight or seven column banner headlines left no-one in any doubt where their hearts lay. And on the *Express* leader page there was Anne Edwards to write of 'When A Man Goes Round The World To Forget . . .' 'He swore in Cape Town that he would never go back . . . And then when "she sent her memory to call him back again" . . . he went like a shot'.

The *News Chronicle* is always a little fidgety on the escalator on such occasions. It can never quite make up its mind whether it ought to be going up or down. On this occasion it pushed temptation aside with a desperate hand, and, frantically looking around for a safe lead in the same mood as a young man invites his sister to the local tennis dance, promoted a rather dull story about Sir David Eccles's broadcast (alleged row over) to the lead while keeping Townsend and the Princess to a couple of pictures and a double column headline. The *Daily Telegraph* was calmer. It always knows its place. It put the story on the front page but gave it a mere four inches single column right at the bottom of the page. Headlines: '3-Hour Visit To Princess. Group Captain Townsend.' Sub-Head: 'The Queen Knew'. The *Manchester Guardian* was hardly less restrained. Sometimes when the public heart is beating loud and strong the *Guardian* may be seen kicking its heels across two columns or so with just a hint of an ironic wink over its shoulder, but on this occasion it opted for decorum. 'End of a Journey' it said, single column bottom of the front page. 'Tea with Princess Margaret.'

And so we move up to the summit itself. We are now in Printing House Square. At a first rapid glance I thought *The Times* had this time really done itself proud, and had actually succeeded in ignoring the pesky business altogether. There was not so much as a line on the main news page. But a second search revealed that *The Times* had done its duty. Nestling unobtrusively next to the report of a complaint by women in the national fire service, down column on one inside page on which the double column lead dealt with the 'Dwindling company of the Chimney Sweep', was a modest paragraph. 'Group Captain Visits Princess Margaret. Tea at Clarence House.'

Next day *The Times* dealt no less discreetly with Group Captain Townsend's statement. It gave it one and three quarter inches on an inside page next to a report of the Hackney Horse Society. Once again the *Mirror* and the *Sketch* devoted the whole of their front pages to the matter. '29 Words from Peter Townsend NOTHING HAS CHANGED', boomed the *Mirror*. 'Townsend's First Official Statement—SHE WON'T MARRY ME', shouted the *Sketch*. The *Express* was more concerned with the reaction of the Queen. 'Palace and the Princess', it announced across eight columns. 'Amazing Dispatches as Royal Tour Ends. The Queen "Was Irked" By That Meeting.' On its leader page Mr Godfrey Winn, anxious not to pry into a situation 'so personal, so delicate and so taut with torment', told us what he thought the Queen Mother was thinking about.

'Did Princess Embarrass the Queen?' asked the

Herald across two columns, adding in a leading article that, for its part, it said now what it said when the Princess renounced marriage to the Group Captain more than two years ago! 'Few people could blame her if one day she changed her mind.' The *Mail* advised its readers on the front page 'Townsend Unlikely to Meet Princess Again,' and on the back 'Princess Margaret who looked so happy on Wednesday was looking rather wistful last night'. As for the *News Chronicle*, its dilemma was ended. It fell in behind its betters and, like the *Telegraph*, merely reported Townsend's statement down column. 'We hope for everyone's sake', remarked a short but magisterial leading article, 'that calm will now be restored'. And indeed by Saturday it looked if so it might be, except for the *Mirror*, which juxtaposed two pictures, one of Princess Margaret leaving for Germany 'without a smile, a wave or a glance behind her', and the other of the Queen smiling on her return from Holland – 'Solemn Goodbye, Happy Hello' – the *Sketch*, 'Sad faced and pale Princess Margaret flew to Germany yesterday'; and the *Mail*, which headlined on Page One 'The Sad Look On the Face of the Princess'.

Nor was the *Sunday Pictorial* – Princess Margaret's most valiant and strident champion on the previous occasion – in the mood for quiet. 'It was a Royal Bombshell', its readers were told in its most authoritative voice. 'Princess Margaret On the Carpet Tonight.' And the *People* advised its readers in no less authoritative tones that Princess Margaret was determined 'to bring Peter Townsend back to Britain so that he can serve as her faithful and unofficial counsellor'. Her tea invitation, it added, 'was opposed by most of the Queen's closest advisers. She defied them – and she will continue to defy them'.

However, the *News Chronicle* continued to do its best. No mention of the Windsor meeting between the Princess and the Queen appeared on its front page on Monday – even though the *Telegraph* thought it worthy of a down column mention. *The Times* – on sure ground at last – put it in the Court Circular. But the *Mirror* ('Queen Sees Margaret. They talk For An Hour Alone') gave it most of its front page, and the *Express* ('Margaret Is Home Unsmiling In The Rain'), the *Mail* and the *Herald* all front paged it with gusto. Life in Fleet Street looks like continuing to be difficult for those who favour calm.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Borderline Books

CHANGES in the laws of England come about in the oddest ways. Unless parliament is very angry or disturbed, as it was about horror comics, the process of change takes a long time, claims many victims, and (as a rule) follows the least obvious route. The *Hicklin* judgment itself, which had governed the literary censorship laws, unquestioned by the judges, for nearly a century until Mr Justice Stable dissected and modified it in *R. v. Secker & Warburg*, was a case in point. Mr Hicklin, that is to say, was not a man who wrote or published an obscene book: he was Recorder at Wolverhampton Quarter Sessions, and he had decided in an appeal case that a book was not obscene and should not be destroyed, because the motives of its publisher, a militant Protestant, were to 'unmask' the Roman confessional and not to corrupt public morals. (I suppose there is not the slightest doubt that it would be adjudged obscene today.) A further appeal, this time with Mr Hicklin as the respondent, had brought it before Chief Justice Cockburn in the Court of Queen's Bench; and there, once the famous 'test of obscenity' had been composed (carefully extruding all question of motive), Mr Hicklin's judgment was held to have been wrong and the book was duly consigned to the flames.

The current process of change is little less tortuous. The famous 1954 prosecutions – *Julia, The Philanderer, September in Quinze, The Image and the Search, The Man in Control* – did not represent a sudden rush of morals to the head of the Home Secretary, the Director of Public Prosecutions, or the police. These books had all been shown to the Court of Criminal Appeal at the beginning of the year in the case of *R. v. Reiter*, the appellant wanting to know why such books as these were going unscathed while his own productions (a series of erotic paper-backs) got into trouble. The Lord Chief Justice was not to be drawn into this: let the books be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions, he said. The latter passed them all on to Treasury Counsel for an opinion; he said let the courts decide; and the police were told to apply for summonses. To speak of a 'Home Office campaign', therefore, is nonsense.

But the episode led to wide publicity for every little case under the Obscene Publications Act, 1857. When *The Decameron* was ordered to be destroyed at Swindon in 1955, it was only the latest instance (the others had passed unnoticed) of a series of 'destruction orders' in various parts of the country against that particular edition, the illustrations in which would probably have sent up Boccaccio's eyebrows. There was a manufactured scare that the men in Whitehall were now going to decide what we were all old enough to read. It was poppycock; but it had the salutary effect of drawing attention to the unsatisfactory state of the law and of setting the stage for Mr Justice Stable's crucial summing-up to the jury in *The Philanderer* case:

> The charge is a charge that the tendency of the book is to corrupt and deprave. The charge is not that the tendency of the book is either to shock or to disgust. That is not a criminal offence. Then you say: 'Well, corrupt or deprave whom?'; and again the test – 'those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall'. What exactly does that mean? Are we to take our literary standards as being the level of something that is suitable for a 14-year-old schoolgirl? Or do we go even further back than that, and are we to be reduced to the sort of books that one reads as a child in the nursery? The answer to that is: of course not; a mass of literature, great literature, from many angles is wholly unsuitable for reading by the adolescent, but that does not mean that the publisher is guilty of a criminal offence for making those works available to the general public.

But other judges showed little sign of following this liberal lead, and the law remained in their hands almost entirely – if they summed up against the book the jury would convict, if they seemed to think it not too bad the jury would acquit, and if they presented both sides of the argument at sufficient length the jury disagreed. There followed a series of parliamentary motions and bills to amend the law sensibly, the most notable being the Obscene Publications Bills promoted by the Herbert committee, convened at the instance of the Society of Authors, in the sessions of 1955, 1956 and 1957. The last of these led directly to the appointment of the Select Committee, which has just reported, 'to consider whether it is desirable to amend and consolidate the law relating to obscene publications'.

It is desirable to do both, the committee says, and it offers recommendations that 'need not prove controversial when embodied in legislation'. One circumstance that gives these a deceptively cautious appearance is the committee's recorded decision that it was 'inadvisable to depart substantially from the definition laid down in *R. v. Hicklin*'; but there would not really be much of *Hicklin* left once it embraced the committee's suggestion for a new statutory definition of obscenity:

> Any matter shall be deemed to be obscene if its effect as a whole is such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons to or among whom it was likely to be distributed, circulated, or offered for sale.

And almost as significant is the Select Committee's careful statement:

> Our recommendations on amendment of the law are therefore divided into two parts, the first designed to bring greater certainty to the law of obscene publications, and the second to strengthen the powers for suppressing the pornography trade.

This early recognition of the disparities in their task – the extremes of self-evident pornography on the one hand, and on the other the significant literature that happens to be obscene – has enabled the committee to offer proposals which should satisfy most enterprising publishers, allay the fears of our new masters the printers, and placate the Public Morality Council all at the same time. The penalty, on conviction by a jury, of £2,000 or three years does, however, seem too high. It is likely to discourage publishers and authors from exercising their right to jury trial, and likely, too, to induce defendants to plead guilty and accept a magisterial sentence (within proposed maxima of £100 or four months) rather than waste time, money, reputation, and risk of something much worse.

It would be satisfactory that the consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions be a condition precedent to all prosecutions and 'destruction order' proceedings – though it ought to be necessary in Customs cases too. The Society of Authors' Bill proposed giving this job to the Attorney-General, so that he could be asked questions in parliament about his policy from time to time. The Attorney seems to have got out of this on the grounds that he is too busy – he already has to cope with corruption, incest, and fraudulent conversion by trustees. However, the Director's department has had prolonged practice in reading dirty books, and its members are moved round so that they shall all get a share of occupational exposure to such immoral influences. They can do no real harm if three of the committee's other recommendations are put into effect.

These are that 'a defence of literary or artistic merit shall be afforded' (as Sir James Stephen urged 80 years ago); that 'an author should have a right to be heard in criminal proceedings if he is not already a party'; and that he should have the same right (plus a right of appeal) in a 'destruction order' case. A provision of this nature would probably have prevented some daft decisions in the past, from Zola's trial to *The Well of Loneliness*. True enough, it throws a considerable onus on the defence, in violation of the so-called presumption of innocence. But the presumption of innocence is after all a postulate, non-Christian and peculiar to Anglo-Saxon law, that every man is without sin by the light of nature; and when you come to deal with writers and publishers you must start making exceptions.

C. H. ROLPH

Bertrand Russell Replies

MR Dulles and Mr Krushchev have both honoured me by replies to my open letter addressed to President Eisenhower and Mr Krushchev. Their replies are extraordinarily similar in tone, and both, as one might expect from practical politicians, completely miss the point. The similarity of their replies may be exhibited by setting forth matters which each of them emphasises. The gist of what both of them say is as follows.

There are two powerful nations in the world which we will call A and B. A is and always has been wholly virtuous; B is and always has been wholly wicked. A seeks freedom; B enforces slavery. A believes in peace; B believes in imperialistic war. A stands for justice to the weak; B stands for the tyranny of the powerful. So far, both these eminent statesmen are in agreement. There is, however, one small point of difference: namely, which is A and which is B.

Any person who views human affairs without the fanaticism engendered by virulent party-spirit, will have to admit that no nation has ever been as virtuous as A and that few have been as wicked as B. What each of these statesmen says against the system represented by the other is very largely true, but what he says about the virtues of his own system is mainly self-delusion. Mr Krushchev gives us to understand that the Wars of the Roses were not actuated by a desire to improve the lot of the industrial proletariat. I have no difficulty in admitting this. When Mr Dulles instances recent acts of the Soviet government which the West almost unanimously condemns, I agree with Mr Dulles. But when he says that the United States government has never attempted to spread its creed by force or violence, one must suppose that for the moment he has forgotten the Civil War.

But enough of such irrelevances. We are none of us wholly good or wholly bad. It is not useful to dwell upon past sins. What *is* useful is to prevent future disasters. It is here that both men lamentably fail. Neither seems able, even for a moment, to rise above the party dispute and envisage the common peril of mankind. Both, in words, acknowledge that a nuclear war would defeat the purposes of both parties equally, but neither draws the moral that the acerbity of their disagreements must be lessened, since this acerbity greatly increases the likelihood of nuclear war. On these points, Mr Krushchev is guilty of an inconsistency. Early in his letter ublished in the NEW STATESMAN of 15 March l says:

> So much combustible material has now been accumulated in this world that it needs only a single spark to cause disaster. The world is in a situation in which, by virtue of just one absurd incident or damage to the operational gear of a single plane carrying a hydrogen bomb, or as a result of the slightest deviation from the normal in the mentality of the pilot behind the controls, war can become a fact this very day.

Somewhat later he says:

> We have often declared and here again declare that the Soviet Union does most sincerely strive to do everything that depends on it, in order to prevent the course of events which can lead to atomic war, to the extent that its consequences will be catastrophic to all countries.

But towards the end of his letter he says:

> The imperialists exploit the people's fear of a war, so that it is easier for them to extort constantly growing taxes from the population, and waste huge sums on the armaments drive. They are not disturbed that such a policy can lead to war – for war is the most abundant source of enrichment for the monopolies.
>
> We have condemned and still condemn such an ill-advised policy which can lead to nothing good. However much our opponents may slander us, the Socialist countries will not disappear because of that, and Communism, the most progressive and humanist teaching, will not cease to exist.
>
> How many attempts there have been to destroy Communism by force of arms! . . .
>
> I think that if imperialism unleashes a new world war, it will perish in it. The peoples will not want to put up with a system which cannot exist without wars, without the annihilation of millions of people, to enrich a handful of monopolists.

This last passage shows that Mr Krushchev still cherishes the illusion of a victory of Communism in a world war. He attributes the converse illusion to the capitalists who, in his opinion, govern the United States. Those, on either side, who allow themselves such visionary hopes have not taken the trouble to find out what would be the consequences of a nuclear war. Since Mr Krushchev believes that it would lead to a Communist victory and also believes that a Communist victory is important to mankind, it is difficult to be confident of the sincerity of his opposition to world war.

Mr Krushchev and Mr Dulles appear as rival fanatics, each blinded to obvious facts by mental blinkers. If we grant, for the moment, the hypothesis of each, that the victory of his system would be a boon to the human race, it still does not follow that either side should favour a war in which both sides, as well as non-participants, will be exterminated. This is so simple and so obvious that one cannot but be amazed at the incapacity of intelligent men to grasp its consequences. Mr Krushchev himself says:

> You know very well, Lord Russell, that modern armaments, atomic and hydrogen bombs, will be exceptionally dangerous during a time of war not only for the two warring states in terms of direct devastation and destruction of human beings; they will also be deadly for states wishing to stay aside from the military operations, since the poisoned soil, air, food, etc., would become the source of terrible torments and the slow annihilation of millions of people. There is in the world today, an enormous quantity of atom and hydrogen bombs. According to the scientists' calculations, if they were all to be exploded simultaneously, the existence of almost every living thing on earth would be threatened.

I have not found any comparable passage in Mr Dulles's much shorter letter, but I have little doubt that on this point he would agree with Mr Krushchev. I think, however, that Mr Krushchev comes nearer than Mr Dulles to advocating the sort of policy which is called for. The most hopeful passage I can find in his letter seems to be the following:

> We say: let us act, let us impose a strict prohibition on atomic and hydrogen weapons, immediately cease testing these weapons and establish reasonable controls. Let us come to an agreement on conditions which do not trespass on the interests of the parties concerned, which do not lead to the strengthening of some and the weakening of others, on conditions which would not lead to states losing their independence and sovereignty, whichever system they may belong to, and on conditions which would not offer advantages to some countries to the detriment of others.

It is customary in the West to discount such statements as insincere. I think this is a mistaken policy. They should be accepted at their face value and regarded by the West as a basis for negotiation. If, in fact, they are insincere, negotiations will reveal this. But, if they are sincere, real progress becomes possible. It is, I know, very difficult for a western reader to avoid feeling irritated by the assumption of Communist rectitude. But Communists are bound to be equally irritated by Mr Dulles's statement that 'the creed of the United States is based on tenets of the moral law'. If any détente is to be achieved, each side must learn to forget such sayings by the other side and to abstain in the future from remarks which can only irritate.

Although the letters of Mr Dulles and Mr Krushchev are not such as we might hope from men conscious of holding the future of mankind in their hands, they do, nevertheless, afford some substantial grounds for hope. I think it is clear that each side entertains suspicions of the other which are unjust. Americans are entirely convinced, and I think justly, that they will never launch an unprovoked attack upon Russia, but they are by no means convinced that Russia will not launch an unprovoked attack upon some western power. Russians, equally – and I say this deliberately – have no intention of launching an unprovoked attack upon any western power, but are not persuaded that the West can be trusted to abstain from aggression. I think the very first necessity is to allay the unwarranted fears entertained by both sides. Mr Dulles very truly says that it is time to advance from words to deeds. But it is time, also, to resort to different words from those to which we have become accustomed in the Cold War. Hitherto, each side, while protesting a love of peace, has spoken in a manner calculated to inflame hatred both on its own side and on the other. I am not denying that each side may find just grounds for criticising the other. What I am saying is that this is not a useful practice, since conciliation is an imperative need and incitements to mutual hatred make it more difficult.

This correspondence arose out of my letter inviting President Eisenhower and Mr Krushchev to forget the points in which their interests are supposed to differ, and to remember the far more important points in which their interests coincide not only with each other, but with those of mankind. I cannot pretend that the result, so far, is very encouraging. But the point of view that I was presenting is novel, and I still have hopes that statesmen on both sides, when they have got over the initial shock, will allow themselves to become aware of what they must do if life on this planet is to continue.

So far, I have been addressing the Potent Sirs who addressed me. But I must end with a few words addressed to ordinary human beings – Americans, western Europeans, Russians, Asians, and Africans, all of whom are concerned equally and on the same side in this great debate. We are all in peril, in deadly peril, ourselves, our children, our grandchildren – not our great grandchildren unless we are successful; for, if we fail, we shall have none. In comparison with this peril, all other questions are insignificant. What will it matter who was right and who was wrong when no human beings have survived? I am not suggesting that the debate between Communism and anti-Communism should cease. What I am suggesting is that the debate should not be conducted in military terms. And beyond this present moment of tension, there is a further vista. Nuclear weapons exist and, if now abolished, could be manufactured afresh. It is therefore our duty, if we wish life on our planet to continue, to devise a political system which

will make great wars impossible, not only now, but throughout the foreseeable future.

This matter is vital to every man, woman and child in every continent and of every political party. If the politicians who have been trained in outmoded ways of thought have lost the elasticity that the new world demands, the men and women throughout the world who think that a living future is preferable to a dead world of rocks and deserts will have to rise and demand, in tones so loud that they cannot be ignored, that common sense, humanity, and the dictates of that moral law which Mr Dulles believes that he respects, should guide our troubled era into that happiness which only its own folly is preventing.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

London Diary

'WHY don't you say "yes," Mr Butler?', asked Michael Foot, who was the only member of the anti-nuclear bomb team on *Panorama* experienced in driving a point home on TV. The question Mr Butler particularly evaded (he rode off on stock political platitudes all the time) was whether he was in favour of arming Western Germany with nuclear weapons. Since the government is in effect pledged to that as part of the Nato policy, Mr Butler would have said 'yes' if he had been frank. Aidan Crawley (nominally chairman) stopped this 'wrangle' (Establishment word for genuine argument) and Canon Collins asked if Mr Butler would in fact press the button to start a nuclear war? Mr Butler said unctuously that he hoped never to have to face that responsibility. The point of Collins's question never really came across. For if a civilised man relies on a weapon that may end in the destruction of most, if not all, of humanity, is he not really condemning himself to a period of limitless appeasement? Otherwise he is abdicating in favour of a savage. The moral of this debate was that if you want seriously to examine someone on TV the ideal number of questioners is one, and the next best, two. The more hunters the easier is the fox's escape.

* * *

Labour's answers on the H-bomb are more mysterious, if less evasive, than Mr Butler's. The press has been full of stories about Mr Strachey's pamphlet which caused such a stir at the National Executive meeting last week. This, we are told, is a 6,000-word document purporting to 'explain' the joint statement recently issued by the Labour Party and the TUC. Apparently Hugh Gaitskell was so anxious to have the pamphlet published in time for the opening of the party's campaign on nuclear disarmament at Birmingham last Saturday that he insisted there was no time to consult the TUC as to its contents. Yet, after all the hullabaloo, it was not, after all, on sale at Birmingham. Can it be that the leader and his advisers are having second thoughts and that an emasculated version is being prepared? If so, they are surely wise. Having read Strachey's speech in the defence debate, I cannot imagine his 'explanation' of nuclear policy uniting the party. He endorsed the use of tactical nuclear weapons which the party's joint statement carefully does not. What puzzles me is this: why is Hugh Gaitskell trying to force the pace on support for the bomb just when a fragile unity has been so painstakingly achieved? He must know that there are powerful elements in the TUC—Frank Cousins, for instance—who have only reluctantly agreed to the joint statement as the minimum contribution to nuclear disarmament. I am not surprised, therefore, that the *Daily Herald* forecasts there will be an 'inquest' on the attempt to publish this pamphlet behind the TUC's back. Why, too, has the party launched its campaign on the statement's policy so tepidly? The purpose of the present series of regional conferences seems to be not so much to emphasise the dangers of the government's policy, as to 'educate' the rank and file in the dangers of unilateral nuclear disarmament.

* * *

Once again a bi-lateral defence policy is emerging – or is it two policies? Back-benchers are joining hands across the floor against the near-unity of their front benches. In the defence debate Nigel Birch, for instance, came much nearer to the views of Dick Crossman and George Wigg than they did to the views of George Brown and John Strachey. It was Nigel Birch who said to an astonished House: 'One of the greatest lessons of Suez was that after four days of tin-pot police action the £ was in danger. In our hand we still held the hydrogen atomic ace, unplayed and unplayable'. This was all the more telling because it came immediately after one of Mannie Shinwell's familiar essays in 'patriotism' which please the Tories so much. Now Peter Thorneycroft has joined the nuclear policy doubters with a weekend speech which is almost Bevanite in tone. (Pre-Brighton vintage.) He remarked that 'for us, or for that matter for others, to fling their resources at an ever-rising rate into competitive manufacture of nuclear weapons is a questionable policy'; we should 'ponder well' the value of duplicating America's nuclear effort. Meanwhile the Liberals have tabled an official motion opposing the giving of nuclear weapons to Germany. A similar motion, tabled by 94 Labour back-benchers some time ago, was not taken up by the party officially. Yet, surely, if the Labour Party opposes missile bases in Britain until after summit talks have been held, it is only sense to oppose nuclear missiles for Germany – at least until the West has had a shot at disengagement in Europe? Since this is Hugh Gaitskell's pet policy, I should have thought he would have leaped to the support of the German Social Democrats in their protest against 'nuclearising' West Germany.

* * *

Were the pollsters badly wrong about Torrington? They did, of course, pick the winner. But why did they exaggerate the Liberal vote? The Gallup people have given one explanation. They point out that it was peculiarly difficult to get voters to distinguish clearly between the two Liberal labels. This election wasn't a straight issue between pro-government and opposition views. For a majority of the voters it was a decision between two rival claimants to the Lambert-Liberal succession; such a personal choice could not be accurately measured with the normal sampling techniques. For my part, I doubt whether any sample can really be reliable in a rural area where people are traditionally reluctant to announce their views, and where the electorate hasn't been disciplined into party regularity. I've also been wondering about how far the polls themselves effect the voting. The big lead for Mark Bonham-Carter undoubtedly helped him by making people think that at last a Liberal had a chance of winning. But, after the last poll was taken, the Liberal lead may also have scared a good many Tory dissidents back into the government camp. In short, there may have been a swing back to Mr Royle at the end of the campaign just as there is normally a rallying to the government in the course of a general election. Opinion polls certainly add to the excitement of an election—accurate or not, they tend to defeat themselves by becoming a last-minute joker in the pack.

* * *

Under the present law the 'age of criminal responsibility' is eight years. Some organisations prefer 12, some 14, some 15 or 16 (the average in other European countries), some 18, and at least one wants it put back to seven, where it stood until 1933. They are all perturbed about the amount of 'adolescent' crime. But I wonder if it is generally realised that the current increase is mainly among the over-17s, who are not even 'young persons' under the present law – they don't come before the juvenile courts. I'm reliably told that, proportionately to the total amount of crime, the under-17s are not as bad as they were before the war. Recent fulminations from the bench about inflated wages, the 'general softening of discipline', the poor old welfare state, working mothers, and the rest, merely emphasise the difficulty of seeing this problem whole from any one viewpoint and the inevitability of seeing it cock-eyed from the bench. The real problem at the moment is posed by the 17-21 group, whose crimes are more violent and shocking than they used to be and who are setting unprecedented problems for Borstal governors. But little is known – and I repeat the word known – about the causes of this. I have great hopes of the new Home Office research unit, which already has about 30 research projects going on, and which has both the access to data and the statistical machinery for their evaluation.

* * *

American tourists have discovered India. They are not sillier than other tourists – only richer and more numerous. They come on round-the-world trips on luxury liners from which they are released, like flocks of exotic birds, on chartered planes which take them around to see the most famous sights. In Benares they told me that they were well satisfied to see the countless Hindus bathing in the Ganges and holy men sitting immobile for years on end near the burning ghats; the sight was interesting because it was exactly what they had been told to expect. In Nepal they were buying curios and carefully studying the Tantric paintings and surprisingly indecent sculptures in the Katmandhu museum. They were being very polite about India; they seemed to me less arrogant and much more friendly than British tourists used to be; on one occasion when asked by their guide whether the food, which they had just told me they found uneatable, suited them, they lied courteously, saying it was okay. I owe to them my chance of seeing a performance of the famous Kathakali dances in Kerala; it was a short performance because the audience was so obviously, if quite courteously, bored stiff. Several of them spoke to me with astonishment and alarm at the discovery that they were in a Communist state and found it clean, orderly and agreeable. What puzzles me about these earnest tourists is that they lack curiosity. They don't in fact see more than they would on a film in their home town, if they simply stop for odd nights in one comfortable hotel after another in Hong Kong, Bangkok, Bombay, Colombo, Cairo, Rome, Paris and London. In Cairo, where the air company's bus had broken down, I shared a taxi with an American couple. Their enjoyment seemed limited. Why, I asked, did they travel? The husband said because his wife liked doing all the sights, including riding camels, and the wife said it was because her hus-

band had to spend his money somehow. He then noticed that the word 'taxi' with a number attached, was printed in English on a plaque in front of us, and that the same information was conveyed in Arab writing. He pointed to the Arab script and to the various shop signs round us, and asked me why it was that everything in Arabic was written by hand and not printed as it would be in English.

* * *

One of the few things that convinces me of the superiority of the male sex is that they would never, whatever the inducements offered, consent to wear shoes like those that I see wobbling about on the pavements in front of me in London. I used to think that nothing could be more absurd than hobble-skirts, but they didn't make girls mince more absurdly than these stilts balanced on sixpenny-pieces, and they didn't lead to sprained ankles and they were actually less ugly. I was informed the other day by a shop that they were now every day busily engaged remaking the heels of cheap shoes at 15s. a time—which is a considerable chunk, if you come to think of it, out of the weekly wages of a typist. But, as that great feminist, Mrs Poyser said, 'I'm not denying that women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men'.

* * *

Prophetic bit of work by my subconscious on Saturday night. I dreamt we were playing charades and I and Another (I don't know who) were to act a dialogue between two diplomats. He was to call on me with a message. The rest was left to the inspiration of the moment. We entered a dark room with dim figures sitting on chairs and couches; we switched on the light, and I welcomed the ambassador with a bow and some phrase about hoping the visit had not deranged him too far. Would he drink a glass of sherry, while I read the document he had brought me? (Play with imaginary decanter, imaginary glasses, and opening an imaginary envelope.) Then I heard myself shout: '*This means war.* Call my chauffeur; call an aircraft; *get me out before our H-bomb catches me here*'.

CRITIC

No, Mr Belloc

'Few strangers relish the prospect of spending a week-end in Birmingham.' (*Birmingham Post.*)

When I was last in the Midlands
  There came into my mind
That cruel phrase of former days
  Which Belloc left behind:
Was it the toast or the *Birmingham Post*
  That was sodden and unkind?

The men who guard East Anglia,
  They watch the Yankee planes;
On dune and fen these stalwart men
  No longer dread the Danes:
Strong in the arm, they fear no harm—
  Except the ones with brains.

The Aldermen (of Aldermaston)
  In this Atomic Age
Have an End-of-Man instalment plan
  With Death as Mr Drage;
It seems they can't regard their Plant
  As a place of pilgrimage.

But the folk who sit in Westminster
  Are the ones who bother *me,*
For some take pride in suicide
  And the dumb majoritee
Would give their votes to Titus Oates,
  PC, KG, MP.

If I ever become a Conservative
  And the peril has not passed
Among the coal I will find a hole
  To shelter me from the blast,
For I shall come not just to Brum,
  But a duller place, at last.

I will make my home beneath a hill
  Deep in a disused pit,
Safe in the hands of Duncan Sandys,
  And sit and sit and sit. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My father always keeps his socks on when washing his feet. He says it saves mother washing them.—Letter in *People.* (W. A. L. David.)

Over the years I tattooed my wife elaborately.

I think some of my finest efforts were dedicated to my wife. I have covered nearly every inch of her body. . . .

Our children . . . used to look upon their mother as a fascinating and colourful picture-book and always begged her to show them yet another 'lovely picture' and explain its meaning.—*Memoirs of a Tattooist,* quoted in *Daily Mirror.* (Roger Musgrave.)

I would like to draw your attention to the fact that Sir Winston Churchill will be a thousand months old at the end of this month.

I am convinced that millions of people (the Dutch among them) would appreciate public recognition of this event.—Letter in *Sunday Times.* (R. D. Meikle.)

Lord Lanesborough never wears stiff shirts. 'Halfway through dinner you get an itch,' he said. 'And you can't scratch an itch under a starched shirt-front.

His father always carried a ruler in his pocket at dressy occasions, for the purpose of scratching.—*Evening Standard.* (J. G. E. Bedford.)

Odd Men Out

IT is more than a year now since the revolution in Hungary was suppressed, and thousands of Hungarians fled to the west, including England. The great majority of these men and women are now working and learning the language, but a small percentage aimlessly wander from job to job, bitter and disappointed. In the past year I have interviewed many Hungarian refugees in their own mother tongue, and perhaps with the additional asset of having had personal experience of their particular culture pattern since I am Hungarian-born myself. To understand the isolation and often bitterness of many Hungarian refugees in this country, one has to understand first their expectations.

The mental image most Hungarian refugees had of England is strangely interesting. They all knew from hearsay that this country has stood for many generations as the bastion of freedom and democracy. To live in freedom and democracy is one thing, to have a mental picture of it when you lack it, however, is another. The conflict between reality and fantasy in this particular respect is one that the Hungarian refugees had to face when arriving here. 'I thought that when I came to England I would be free to do anything I liked,' said one refugee. 'Look at me now, I earn with very hard work £6 a week, and because I haven't got much money I cannot enjoy myself, so what is the use of freedom?'

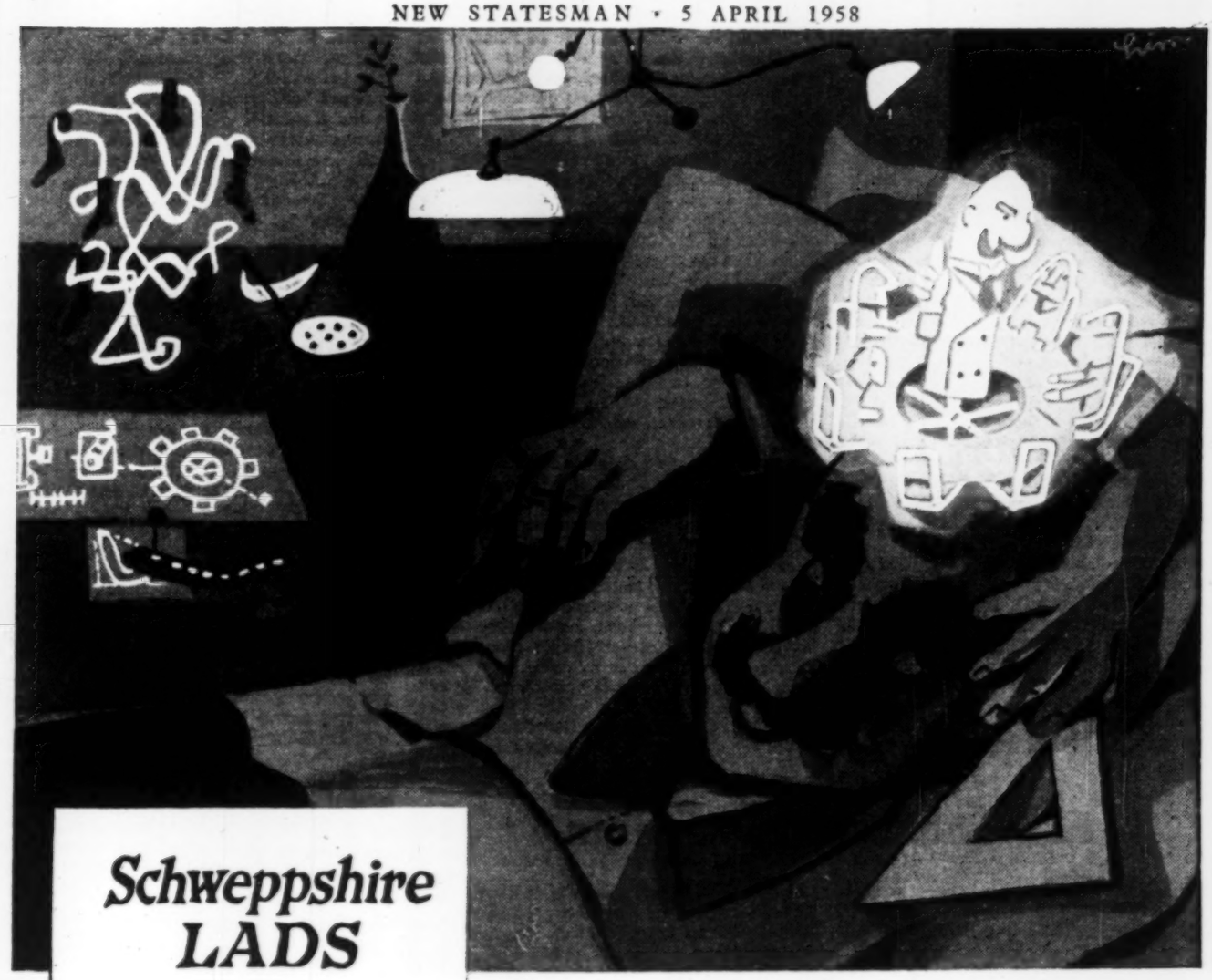
I think that this sentence tells us quite a lot about the general problem. In their mental image Hungarian refugees often identified political freedom with enjoyment. The mental image of freedom was often near to the mark of licence, and the reality, that freedom means responsibility—often heavy responsibility—came as a hard blow.

Any kind of political oppression undoubtedly puts a very heavy strain on the individual. He is afraid of expressing himself freely as this more often than not endangers his economic security, liberty or life. He knows that this state of affairs is unnatural, but the difficulty is to rationalise or visualise a state of society in which he can express himself. His attitude within a dictatorship is that of complete opposition. The danger of this opposition is that, when he eventually reaches the free world, he still cannot comprehend democracy and what it has to offer. He believes that freedom now means just 'being anti-Communist'. The refugee often thinks that a democratic society expects him to say nothing but bad about the system which taught him that there was nothing good about democracies; and he finds it difficult to comprehend the compromises of democracy as he experiences them: he feels disappointed because he cannot find in reality the mental image he has created. It will take more than just learning English and more than just finding a job before British democracy is a living thing to the Hungarian refugee. He will have to become part of this culture, and that takes much longer than a year.

Apart from his expectations of freedom and democracy, he had other expectations too. He felt that the West owed him a great deal for having stood up against tyranny and oppression. This undoubtedly is true, but his mental image about compensation for his sufferings and revolt was on a much larger scale than democracy would or could ever afford. He fought for freedom and equal opportunities, and when he arrived in the free world he expected that his chances would be more than equal. And sometimes he cannot fully appreciate that he is no better or worse than the average Englishman who, having been abroad for many years, or having been ill for a considerable time, has to start afresh. Unconsciously he blames England for his not speaking English, and he feels that it is not fair that he should be put at a disadvantage because of it.

Another problem he has to face is his false expectation of the English character. In central and eastern Europe people are more verbal about their feelings. Having come to England expecting the same reactions, he has found reserve on the part of those who were willing to help him. When he has talked about his 'terrible sufferings', the Englishman may have answered simply: 'Oh, I am sorry'. And the Englishman was really sorry, more than the refugee ever knew, and was willing to do his utmost for him. But the refugee missed the outward appearance of these emotions, and considered the Englishman heartless. Refugees have often complained to me: 'The English, they don't understand us, they don't know what it means to have lived like slaves, they are lucky'. And it was no use on my part to explain that they do understand and they do appreciate. The answer to this usually was: 'But why don't they show it?'

I understand and can only sympathise with this sentiment. It took me many years to find out that behind the emotionless mask of Englishmen their real feelings are not less human than those



Schweppshire LADS

COURT NILES

I always thought that Court Niles was unduly influenced by his peculiar name. Had he been called something more deep rooted like Barstone he might have gone on for ever taking ten deep breaths first thing, standing on the escalator of Green Park Underground Station, turning sharp right outside, and giving up smoking till noon in the office where he was Complaints Manager (Real Honey Export Co.).

But his name gave him a sense that he was born for something or other; which had the effect of making him feel that he simply could not leave anything alone.

The first thing he couldn't leave alone was sock drying. Instead of putting his socks on top of the electric heater in the ordinary way, he had a wire frame made which was not only sensible but also looked quite nice aesthetically That was the awful thing about all his things, they looked quite nice aesthetically. From sock dryers it was an easy transition through buttonless cuffs to a television set which by interrupted invisible eye, housed in unpolished zinc, turned itself on automatically whenever you went into the room. Soon Real Honey itself was being transformed · not only of course by the creation of the Contemporary Hive Construction Co., (which was really only an old office desk under Court's office window covered with cigarette butts) but by the general infiltration of Design in e.g. the very small circular conference table in front of this old desk which Niles placed on some sort of central peg so that it could revolve for some purpose or other (Design in Movement).

Soon of course Niles was experimenting on the building itself with a simple design for avoiding direct sunlight, which was certainly effective on those three days of the year when direct sunlight was proved to have existed. Soon he had re-designed practically everything except the balance sheet, so that after the inevitable bankruptcy of his firm, and of each successive firm he worked for, he actually became Adviser on Town Planning for the Sunpine New Suburb Development Co., whereupon his work was placed so indefinitely far in the future that he was regarded as relatively safe, though he continued to make people personally uncomfortable about the absence of design in what he called "everyday living". Personally I was rather sorry for the old days when Court was bottled up in Real Honey Export.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

of Hungarians. But when one is away from nome, and one understands only a few words of English, the feeling that comes through to the refugee is 'they don't want us, they don't appreciate us, they are cold'.

It was perhaps the police who helped the Hungarian refugees most in grasping what England is really like. The fact that the policeman was unarmed, that he talked slowly and nicely to them, that he was willing to help and went out of his way sometimes to do so, meant a great deal to the refugee. This, and the humane atmosphere of the police station where the refugee had to register under the Aliens Act, made him think. A remarkable change came over one refugee girl after the following incident. She went out in the evening and locked herself out. When she came back, she was distressed, not knowing what to do. A policeman came to her rescue. Ladders were brought and in the middle of the night the policeman climbed through the window and opened her door from inside. She said afterwards she felt like kissing the policeman, but 'he looked so shy'. This episode meant more to this refugee than dozens of lectures on England put together.

Misunderstanding, however, because of the inter-cultural tension, is not all on the side of the refugee. The refugee asks for something, the Englishman says he will see what he can do. The Englishman means it, the refugee does not believe a word of it. He becomes forceful, he wants a definite promise, he looks aggressive, and sometimes is. The British official becomes somewhat uneasy, and cannot understand why the refugee doubts his word. The refugee cannot understand the official because in Hungary he was 'absolutely promised' everything – and still very often nothing happened. So in consequence he thinks a half-hearted gesture cannot mean a thing. It takes a very long time for him to learn the reality that lies behind these 'half-hearted gestures'.

More often than not the refugee feels isolated. Language is one of the greatest problems. The climate also, and the food. Everything is strange, and there are few flavours that remind him of home. Food often assumes enormous proportions in the refugee's life. The need for Hungarian-type food is more than just a question of habit. It is the contact with the past, with mother and home. One refugee writes to me from hospital: 'I am unable to eat the meals prepared with lard and margarine. I want to go out and have a decent meal, a Hungarian meal. I am hungry for the old food. I am sure I would gain strength. Please help'.

After a year, the refugee has had glimpses of what England, democracy and freedom is like. But the false mental image is still there, and in a year's time, if the political situation in eastern Europe is unchanged, he will have the greatest dilemma of his life. By then his understanding of democracy will be greater, and his need – if he wants to settle down here and adopt this pattern of culture – will be evident. He will have to fight his unconscious reaction against adopting this culture; he may feel that by doing so he will be unfaithful to his greatest love, his home. He does not want to be unfaithful, but at the same time he would not want to remain the odd man out.

EUGENE HEIMLER

Sex, Snobbery and Sadism

I HAVE just finished what is, without doubt, the nastiest book I have ever read. It is a new novel entitled *Dr No* and the author is Mr Ian Fleming. Echoes of Mr Fleming's fame had reached me before, and I had been repeatedly urged to read his books by literary friends whose judgment I normally respect. When his new novel appeared, therefore, I obtained a copy and started to read. By the time I was a third of the way through, I had to suppress a strong impulse to throw the thing away, and only continued reading because I realised that here was a social phenomenon of some importance.

There are three basic ingredients in *Dr No*, all unhealthy, all thoroughly English: the sadism of a schoolboy bully, the mechanical, two-dimensional sex-longings of a frustrated adolescent, and the crude, snob-cravings of a suburban adult. Mr Fleming has no literary skill, the construction of the book is chaotic, and entire incidents and situations are inserted, and then forgotten, in a haphazard manner. But the three ingredients are manufactured and blended with deliberate, professional precision; Mr Fleming dishes up his recipe with all the calculated accountancy of a Lyons Corner House.

The plot can be briefly described. James Bond, an upper-class Secret Service Agent, is sent by his sadistic superior, M., to Jamaica, to investigate strange incidents on a nearby island. By Page 53, Bond's bodyguard, a faithful and brutal Negro called Quarrel, is already at work, twisting the arms of a Chinese girl to breaking point. She gouges his face with a broken flash-bulb, and in return, he smilingly squeezes the fleshy part of her thumb (described by Fleming as 'the Mount of Venus', because if it is well-developed then the girl is 'good in bed') until she screams. ('She's Love Moun' be sore long after ma face done get healed', chortles Quarrel.) Next, Bond's mysterious enemies attempt to poison him with cyanide-loaded fruit, and then insert a six-inch long venomous centipede in his bed ('Bond could feel it nuzzling at his skin. It was drinking! Drinking the beads of salt sweat!').

Bond visits the island, falls asleep, and on waking sees a beautiful girl, wearing only a leather belt round her waist ('The belt made her nakedness extraordinarily erotic'). Her behind, Bond notices, 'was almost as firm and rounded as a boy's'. The girl tells Bond she was raped at the age of 15 by a savage overseer, who then broke her nose. She revenged herself by dropping a Black Widow spider on his naked stomach while he slept ('He took a week to die'). Bond rejects her urgent invitation to share her sleeping bag. Then the enemy arrives – huge, inhuman Negro-Chinese half-castes, known as Chingroes, under the diabolical direction of Dr No. Quarrel is scorched to death by a flame-thrower, and Bond and the girl are captured.

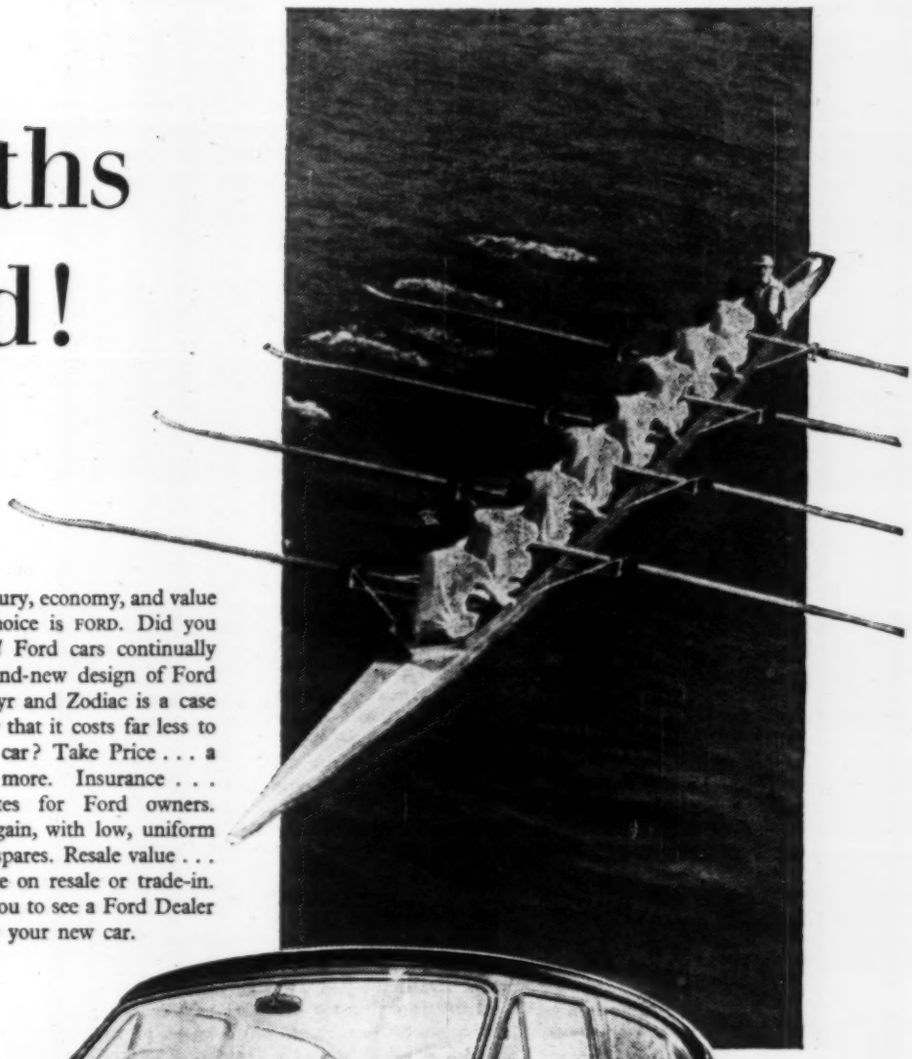
There follows a vague series of incidents in a sort of luxury hotel, built into the mountain, where Dr No entertains his captives before torturing them. This gives Fleming an opportunity to insert his snob ingredient. A lubricious bathroom scene, in which the girl again attempts to seduce Bond, involves Floris Lime bath-essence, Guerlain bathcubes and 'Guerlain's Sapoceti, *Fleur des Alpes*'. Bond, offered a drink, demands 'a medium vodka dry Martini' ('I would prefer Russian or Polish vodka'). A third attempt by the girl is frustrated only by Bond's succumbing to drugs inserted in his breakfast. At last Dr No appears, 6ft 6in tall, and looking like 'a giant venomous worm wrapped in grey tin-foil'. Some years before, his hands had been cut off, but he is equipped with 'articulated steel pincers', which he has a habit of tapping against his contact-lenses, making a metallic noise. He has a polished skull, no eyelashes, and his heart is on the wrong side of his body; he is, needless to say, Chinese (with a German mother). His chief amusement is to subject his captives to prolonged, scientific tortures. ('I am interested in pain. I am also interested in finding out how much the human body can endure.')

Bond contemplates stabbing No's jugular vein with the jagged stem of a broken wine-glass, but reluctantly abandons the idea. The girl is taken off, to be strapped, naked, to the ground and nibbled to death by giant crabs. Bond is put through an ingenious, and fantastically complicated, obstacle course of tortures, devised by No. First come electric shocks. Then an agonising climb up a steel chimney. Then a crawl along a red-hot zinc tube, to face 20 giant Tarantula spiders 'three or four inches long.' Finally Bond is hurled into the sea, where he is met by a 50-foot giant squid (everything is giant in *Dr No* – insects, breasts and gin-and-tonics). Having survived all these, Bond buries No alive under a mountain of bird-dung, rescues the girl and at last has a shot at a jugular vein, this time with a table-knife. He also shoots three Chingroes, one in the head, one in the stomach and one in the neck. The girl's feet get cut up, but they tramp to safety, 'leaving bloody footsteps on the ground'. The story ends with Bond biting the girl in an erotic embrace, which takes place in a special giant sleeping bag.

I have summarised the plot, perhaps at wearisome length, because a bare recital of its details describes, better than I can, how Fleming deliberately and systematically excites, and then satisfies the very worst instincts of his readers. This seems to me far more dangerous than straight pornography. In 1944, George Orwell took issue with a book which in some ways resembles Fleming's novels – *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. He saw the success of *No Orchids*, published in 1940, as part of a discernible psychological climate, whose other products were Fascism, the Gestapo, mass-bombing and war. But in condemning *No Orchids*, Orwell made two reservations. First, he conceded that it was brilliantly written, and that the acts of cruelty it described sprang from a subtle and integrated, though perverse, view of human nature. Secondly, in contrasting *No Orchids* with *Raffles* – which he judged a healthy and harmless book – he pointed out that *No Orchids* was evil precisely because it lacked the restraint of conventional upper-class values; and this led him to the astonishing but intelligible conclusion that perhaps, after all, snobbery, like hypocrisy, was occasionally useful to society.

What, I wonder, would he have said of *Dr No*? For this novel is badly written to the point of incoherence and none of the 500,000 people who, I am told, are expected to buy it, could conceivably be giving Cape 13s. 6d. to savour its literary merits. Moreover, both its hero and its author are unquestionably members of the Establishment. Bond is an ex-Royal Navy Commander and belongs to Blades, a sort-of super-White's. Mr Fleming was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and is married to a prominent society hostess, the ex-wife of Lord Rothermere. He is the foreign manager of that austere and respectable newspaper, the *Sunday Times*, owned by an elderly fuddy-duddy called Lord Kemsley, who once tried to sell a popular tabloid with the slogan (or rather his wife's slogan) of 'clean and

Lengths ahead!



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clever'. Fleming belongs to the Turf and Boodle's and lists among his hobbies the collection of first editions. He is also the owner of Goldeneye, a house made famous by Sir Anthony Eden's Retreat from Suez. Eden's uneasy slumbers, it will be remembered, were disturbed by (characteristically) giant rats which, after they had been disposed of by his detectives, turned out to be specially tamed ones kept by Mr. Fleming.

Orwell, in fact, was wrong. Snobbery is no protection: on the contrary, the social appeal of the dual Bond-Fleming personality has added an additional flavour to his brew of sex and sadism. Fleming's novels are not only successful, like *No Orchids*; they are also smart. The *Daily Express*, pursuing its task of bringing glamour and sophistication to the masses, has serialised the last three. Our curious post-war society, with its obsessive interest in debutantes, its cult of U and non-U, its working-class graduates educated into snobbery by the welfare state, is a soft market for Mr Fleming's poison. Bond's warmest admirers are among the Top People. Of his last adventure, *From Russia, With Love*, his publishers claim, with reason, that it 'won approval from the sternest critics in the world of letters.' *The Times Literary Supplement* found it 'most brilliant', the *Sunday Times* 'highly polished', the *Observer* 'stupendous', the *Spectator* 'rather pleasant'. And this journal, most susceptible of all, described it as 'irresistible'. It has become easier than it was in Orwell's day to make cruelty attractive. We have gone just that much farther down the slope. Recently I read Henri Alleg's horrifying account of his tortures in an Algiers prison; and I have on my desk a documented study of how we treat our prisoners in Cyprus. I am no longer astonished that these things can happen. Indeed, after reflecting on the Fleming phenomenon, they seem to me almost inevitable.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Bombardment

IT is both tedious and disquieting, our addiction to war films. Not many days ago in Leicester Square, where snowflakes mingled with the lime fluff, I happened to look up through the trees at the cinemas beyond: one by one boasted war films; to the north *The Safecracker* (Crook Does his Bit, Croaks), to the east *The Silent Enemy* (With Crabb in the Underwater Ballet), to the south *Carve Her Name With Pride* (Woolworth's to Resistance). Since then *The Safecracker* has been relieved by *Dunkirk*, with *The Bridge on the River Kwai* on its flank. And elsewhere, down Haymarket and on the circuits, there are similar concentrations and replacements.

A dozen years after World War II we find ourselves in the really quite desperate situation of being, not sick of war, but hideously in love with it. Not actively fighting, we aren't at peace. The H-bomb looms ahead, and we daren't look at it; so we creep back to the lacerating comfort of 'last time'. No old general preparing to lose the next war could dream more disastrously. And I think that war films, nearly all of which hark back, emotionally as well as factually, contribute more than any other source to this daydream; because if the horror of war strikes the eye more than in any other way, so does its glossing-over lull fears and angers, and creates an imaginary present in which we can go on enjoying our finest hours. That is a price paid for victory.

So while we 'adventure' at Suez, in the cinemas we are still thrashing Rommel – and discovering that he was a gentleman! – sweeping the Atlantic of submarines, sending the few to scatter Goering's many. The more we lose face in the world's counsels, the grander, in our excessively modest way, we swell in this illusionary mirror held up by the screen. It is less a spur to morale than a salve to wounded pride; and as art or entertainment, dreadfully dull.

British films have their own special reason for wanting to hark back to the one time when for them subject, film-maker, and audience were at one. The war here brought film-making alive as never before or since. No wonder there is this stampede to return. And it takes a cheap advantage, since there's no easier way out of feeling emotion or simulating real people than in a war situation where the overriding emotion is there already, and every man a potential hero or skunk.

This is the sort of context in which, week after week, and recently day by day, a critic has confronted the present deluge. They aren't good, most of these films, and they aren't quite bad. They suffice. It is deemed enough that an event should have been great, a hero unearthed; all that remains is to trade on patriotism, and blackmail with decency and restraint. Let entertainment smooth away what belongs in more awkward or perilous regions! Our film-makers are, I am sorry to say, past-masters at this, counterfeiters of the war film without offence. They have so induced and inured us, and done so miserably in other directions, that many filmgoers even come to prefer such uniform films, which they feel at least won't let them down. So they go on, building up a legend (when it comes to the point again, we'll muddle through), blinding us to current realities and prospects, and mingling reminiscence and recruiting with sheer deception. Guns and music! Never go to one of these bangers to find out *what happened*; the idea of violence will shock more in a Clouzot thriller about lunatic school-teachers.

On the crest of this surge comes Sir Michael Balcon's *Dunkirk*. It has picked the plum of finest hours, that in which defeat becomes triumph; it cost a great deal of money; it got the royallest of send-offs at a première from which only Mr John Mills, its chief hero, was absent, being engaged in Gibraltar on another film, *I Was Monty's Double*. I've nothing against Mr Mills except that he has campaigned through so many films on sea and land that his honest, worried features take the bite out of any danger to which he might be exposed. The same is true, more or less, of the film as a whole. Nearly all its episodes have been done before, done better: the joy-riding through towns, the refugees bombed on the roads, the lost platoon, the advance hospital hanging on, the bridge blown up, the wheat field passed by. And so to the beaches, where the first glimpse exerts a tug, but indifference soon takes over, and the bright skies and sunlight make one wonder why the unopposed bombers don't come over more often. A thin story-thread is all that is vouchsafed of a huge battle, and another such thread brings the little boats riding past Westminster to cheap victory music. The threads meet, accomplish their miracle. But all the film has done is to look big and ring loud, and quite frankly – if it's proper to be frank on these matters – to bore us for two and a half hours. As a battlepiece – as *the* battlepiece it sets out to be – it is a thin, academic affair relying on our good feelings all along the line.

The trouble with such films is that, besides being second-rate in themselves, they spoil the ground and make it hard for a better film to struggle clear. Anthony Asquith's *Orders to Kill* begins with this snag: we know only too well the man with a mission, the assumption of new identity, the Commando training, the parachuting into occupied country, the link-up, the workman's life under the Gestapo eye. True, *Orders to Kill* imparts its own tension to an over-familiar gambit; the ex-bomber pilot (Paul Massie) seems shockingly blithe over his job, which is to kill a go-between of the Resistance whose contacts are all falling into enemy hands. The murder has been planned exactly; the man will be alone in his Paris office; swing the cosh, drive the knife to the prearranged spot. But in fact, with their preliminary meetings in a café, the little man (Leslie French) comes horribly alive, and what's more, the conviction that he's innocent! Conscience now wipes the grin off our innocent hero: he's told he *must* carry out orders – hadn't he as pilot bombed the innocent with the guilty? At last – with the two now on almost intimate terms – he carries out his mission hideously, bunglingly; these sequences are as brilliantly disquieting as anything in Hitchcock or Clouzot. In fact Asquith has never done better, and that is one's final impression (after breakdown, oblivion, cold emergence into streets with the flags out) of the whole film. Irene Worth effortlessly gives depth to a small part. Paul Dehn's screen-play twists the knife of conscience expertly, and the film instils its own images – for example, blood on the hand in the rain, enlarging a chance instant from the beginning.

Here is a film that leads on in excitement to jar as it should, a conscience shocker in the first rank. May we expect that its high qualities will open a few eyes to the evasiveness and dull timidity of all those other war films still being churned out, in bulk?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Poetic Drama

POETIC drama, which seemed after the war to be in the very van of the theatrical revival, has fallen, have you noticed, completely out of fashion. You may say that the question of fashionable or not fashionable is, in itself, quite unimportant. And this in the long run may be true. Mr T. S. Eliot's new play which is opening at the Edinburgh Festival this year will be judged entirely on its own merits, for Mr Eliot is now established in the theatrical firmament. But for those less established the fashion question, like it or not, counts. Ten years ago, audiences were excited by – and so were prepared to give the extra attention required for – poetic drama; today we are back at the point when poetry may be more of an obstacle than an attraction.

Mr Ronald Duncan with his new verse play *The Catalyst* (now to be seen at the Arts) has perhaps been influenced too much by this. He has gone, unless my ear is very faulty, even further than Mr Eliot did in *The Confidential Clerk* in concealing his verse structure from the audience. He apparently invites us to accept his comedy simply on the prose level; and this seems to me a cardinal mistake, and one which explains its comparative lack

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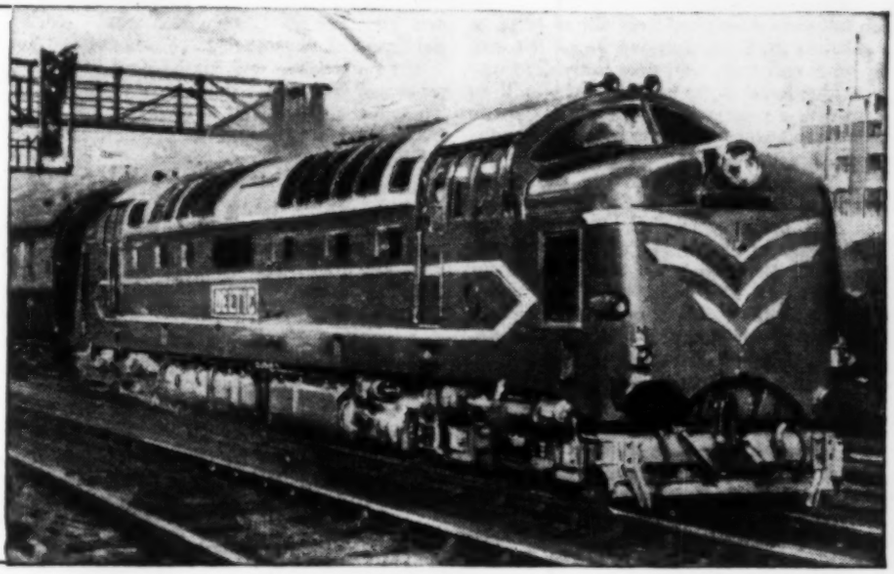

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of impact. Not that the play doesn't work fairly well on that level – or would do if the production were a little better. It is a sexual comedy. Theresa has settled for Charles's innumerable infidelities, so long as they take place outside the home, but his latest affair with Leone, his secretary, under her very nose, is more than she can bear. But we soon begin to feel that the currents of feeling which motivate these people are not so banal as this situation might suggest, and we are led with many witty and some wise lines fairly deep into 'the stinking fosse' of the human psyche until we end up with a *ménage à trois* in which the two women are to be the pair of lovers and the man the tolerated, if adored.

This 'rearrangement' is perfectly convincing, it seems to me, on the poetic level; we can accept it in the same way that we accept, say, *The Merchant of Venice*. But asked to accept it on a realistic plane, we burke at it at too many important stages. Our prose selves are natural logicians, applying the laws of cause and effect, and the law of probability. It is our (no less important) poetic selves which are prepared to make the imaginative jump which will find the improbable possible.

It may, of course, be the director who is at fault in suppressing the verse in the play by making his actors speak naturalistically. For certainly in other respects Mr Phil Brown seems for once to have muffed his production; and this is odd, for he is a most skilful and intelligent director. He himself plays the leading part, as well as directing (perhaps this is the cause), and it is his own part which, to be very brutal, rather lets down the play. All the same, quite apart from its 'scandalous' thread, *The Catalyst* does provide an evening of civilised enjoyment.

The other two recent openings offer evenings less civilised. Mr Emlyn Williams has always been a writer whose highly developed sense of theatre is inclined to steal the play from his sense of truth. *Beth*, at the Apollo, has a lively first act among a very odd family living in one of those lower-Thames riverside bungalows with names like Kozy Kot. A backward sister, a legless uncle, an impoverished ex-opera-soprano aunt and a houseman from a reform school circle round a sensible girl Lydia, so sensible that she gets engaged to a young millionaire. Will his millions solve their problems? Yes at first, then no, then yes after all. These hesitations occupy a second act that is contrived rather than worked out. *Breath of Spring*, at the Cambridge, is a very harmless comedy about the upper classes practising burglary for charity – the sort of thing that used to do for one's aunts: but one's aunts being all dead these many years, I don't quite know who it will do for. Obviously someone, for a large audience laughed often at Athene Seyler, Michael Shepley and Helen Hughes.

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Success and Value

THE new sculpture for the new TUC building is probably the best monument Epstein has made. Throughout his life, the Press have published countless columns of words about Epstein's work – attacking, moralising, scandal-mongering, defending. Most of these have been wildly beside the point because in fact Epstein is a straightforward and simple artist. I hesitate to add even one more column, but I shall try to be simple.

The monument, carved out of a block of stone 20 feet high, commemorates the sacrifices of trade-unionists in two World Wars. It represents one striding figure, wearing a long habit, carrying a limp corpse in his or her arms. I say his or her because, although the clothing may suggest a woman, there is nothing specifically feminine about this figure. I doubt very much whether, as many people have suggested, Epstein intended it to represent a mother carrying her son. The emotion behind the work is more general than that, suggesting the survivor carrying the victim, the weak the strong, the collective the mortal individual. It is both affirmative and tragic. Mr Frank Cousins's remark that 'It depicts with realism the futility of war' is very true. But it also expresses the power of solidarity, and is a most effective expression of the increasing determination of the Labour movement to prevent war. It is entirely free of mock heroics, and in spirit is wise in the same way as Brecht's remark – 'Unhappy the country that needs heroes'.

The white sculpture stands in the inner open court of the building against a large screen wall of black, green-streaked marble. Thus, the most difficult problem facing Epstein was to carve forms which would not make their point only from the ground level, but also from each of the six stories that surround it. Those who complain either that the figure looks too stumpy from the ground, or that in general it is too stylised, should remember this problem and should then start walking up six flights of stairs, noticing all the time the changes taking place in the sculpture. They will find that from every floor the figures gain a different kind of power. The higher you go the more the striding figure appears to be advancing. A more literal or more slender group could never have worked in this way. It is perhaps seen at its best from the General Council Chamber on the fifth floor.

I said that this is probably the most successful monument Epstein has made because its style is entirely consistent, whereas in some of his other large figures, particularly those modelled in clay and cast in metal, this is not the case. In, for example, his recent *Christ* at Llandaff Cathedral, the body is greatly elongated and simplified whilst the feet and hands are modelled representationally and complicatedly. As a result one feels that the hands and feet of one sculpture are appearing out of the robes of another. Obviously Epstein intended some such contrast; but that does not automatically make it satisfactory. The unity of a work of art persuades us to draw conclusions from it: without unity we can only receive a multitude of impressions.

Here, however, as with his *Night* and *Day*, but more subtly, every form has equally withstood the same tests. The weight of the corpse is obviously the weight of the stone of which it is made. The strength of the hands that bear it is obviously the strength of the grain of the same block of stone. The forward foot of the striding figure juts out as unambiguously as a parapet. The ligaments indicated just beneath the surface of the corpse's legs trace the courses by which the sooty rain will run down them and off the block. The features of the bearer's face are as mute as stone is bound to be. It is a stone image. But as a result of the consistency with which it is so, this work emphasises visibly and tangibly the indestructibility of the tragedy and wish that lie behind it.

* * *

The more one sees of contemporary exhibitions, the more obvious it becomes that there is no correlation whatsoever between 'success' and value. The great danger of this situation is that the artist may be led to the fatal conclusion that failure is noble; whereas, in fact, success – meaning appreciative understanding by a large number of people – is not only necessary for the artist psychologically, but is also the essential completion of the process by which his creation becomes a work of art. This kind of success, however, is no longer possible in the London art world, for the simple reason that this world is dominated by people who appreciate and understand nothing about art at all. Strong words, maybe – but they are forced out of me by ten long years of depressing observation. Somehow, if painters and sculptors want true success, they have got to break through this world to a broader, more ignorant, but finally more human, more grateful, more intelligent one.

THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERIES. Here are 24 paintings by Lucian Freud, some old and some new, and 50 drawings by Marcel Frishman. The new Freud portrait heads are done with a painstaking naturalism somewhat reminiscent of the covers of *Time* magazine. Only they are more startling because they all emphasise decay – like touched-up coloured photographs of rotten apples, and because their textures of hair, wool, mackintosh, are worked up until 'you can touch them'. They appear to be fashionable but are worth very little. Like the works of both the worst academic painters and the tachistes they rely for their effect on surface treatment – their drawing is crabbed and feeble; as for their emotional inspiration – the 'compassion' which is probably meant to be implied by the care with which the long-sufferers' grimaces are recorded, is really only a form of self-pity. If because you have such a jaundiced view everyone looks so jaundiced that you feel sorry for them, you are in fact only being sorry for yourself.

Frishman's drawings of urban Europe do not appear to be fashionable and are worth a great deal. Indeed he was a small master. His drawings – satirical, romantic, comic, tragic, are all distin-

guished by two qualities: extreme formal sensitivity – when one has allowed for the distance of the Hamburg docks from a *fête gallante*, his delicacy and fluency remind one of Watteau: and a gift of selective observation as acute as a mime's – his sailor, miner, diner, shepherd, impresario, docker, they are all caught apparently effortlessly. But do not be deceived by that gentleness. Behind it was a knowledge of precisely who were guilty and innocent of Europe's suffering from 1920 onwards. Frishman was an uncompromising witness.

*HANOVER. Mondrian-like abstract paintings and abstract constructivist sculpture by Marlow Moss, an English woman artist of Mondrian's generation. The sculptures are superb, objects of austere, calculated beauty. The exhibition deserted and not one work bought.

TOOTH'S: Fashionable pictures of School of Paris. Final commodities necessary to make smart flats smart. Exceptions: one landscape by Pignon, one large marble head by Sven Berlin.

GALLERY ONE: Canvases by Alexander Weatherson. Skins of white paint poured over black. Impossible that their surfaces can last more than a few years. Whimsy images. Catalogue: 'In great areas of succulent expressive paint there move strange human creatures, like amiable poltergeists . . . on which is bestowed a life like that of human beings'.

LEICESTER: 37 watercolours and 15 oil landscapes by Alan Reynolds. Almost entirely sold out. Poetic works of genuine talent, but essentially illustrative. In spirit like Georgian poetry.

*GIMPELS: New landscapes by Peter Lanyon. Result of endless experiment to paint the amalgamated sensations of a landscape as they have been felt over a period of time: to draw from the experience of continuously *inhabiting* the place, rather than from stopping to look at it. Half fail. Among the other half, the bravest and most inspired contemporary landscapes I know.

JOHN BERGER

A Future For British Opera

WHEN the existence of the Sadler's Wells Opera was threatened, there was a public cry of dismay the extent and intensity of which convinced the Sadler's Wells Trust (and may even have convinced the Arts Council) that they had been wrong to approve the scheme to knock together the Wells and the Rosa into a single touring troupe. Critics – perhaps the most regular of all opera-goers – spoke firmly and with rare unanimity, to the effect that Sadler's Wells was the foundation of British opera. Woe to Covent Garden, and woe to the provinces, if it were allowed to disappear! The public queued to sign anti-merger petitions, people spoke on the television, offered money – and the Trust reversed its decision. So Sadler's Wells was saved, and what am I writing about?

To note the deeper disquiet about the way that opera is run in this country. To protest that although the *status quo* may have been preserved for a year, it is a bad status. To suggest that this is the moment for Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells, the Carl Rosa and the Arts Council to get together and put right the mistakes of the past.

It is sometimes helpful to consider what might have been. Covent Garden might have been destroyed in the war. All the operatic talent in England, and all the money the government was prepared to spend on opera, would have been directed to the Wells. In time the company would have acquired a new house, more commodious, though not so large as Covent Garden – the size, perhaps, of one of the larger German houses, where rela-

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tively small voices tell, and nearer the centre, say, on the South Bank. It would have the Opera School attached to it; sooner or later it would, like the Royal Ballet, have a junior company, which would tour the provinces, play London seasons in the smaller theatre, specialise in the repertory suited to it, give a good deal of light opera perhaps, and try out – and develop – new talent of all kinds.

Instead, we decided to form a new national opera company at Covent Garden – a building, as its administrator often points out, of dreadful disadvantages, without rehearsal or storage space, the fabric of which alone swallows up much of the annual subsidy. Here in competition with Sadler's Wells Mr David Webster built up a second London company, with a repertory which falls roughly into four categories: (i) performances, generally fine ones, which depend on foreign artists (*The Ring, Otello, Elektra, Norma*); (ii) what we might call 'special' operas such as *The Carmelites, Jenufa, The Trojans* – and contemporary British opera, which Covent Garden has treated very handsomely; (iii) small-scale operas which the small-scale singers can make a success of, but which under any rational scheme should be done at Sadler's Wells; there are many of these: *Figaro, The Magic Flute, The Tales of Hoffmann, The Bartered Bride, Carmen;* (iv) the Verdi, Wagner and Puccini operas which ought to be the backbone of a Covent Garden repertory, but which cannot regularly be cast within the British company: because, put bluntly, Amy Shuard is the only soprano for the heavier Italian roles, Jon Vickers the only big tenor, and they cannot lead every performance.

We have kept up Covent Garden as we might keep up a fine, ruinously expensive, grand old country house, because we are attached to it, because one day we hope to live again in style, because there are moments of splendour, though also long periods when we are short of servants, short of coal. There are some who would say: give up Covent Garden, move into somewhere more practicable. It would be right to do so if, say, the Government and LCC between them built a fine new opera and ballet house on the South Bank. Mr Webster, with Lord Harewood to assist his artistic decisions, does remarkably well – given that he has been required simultaneously to build a second national company on a big scale, and to provide 'metropolitan' spectacles (and singers). Of course he has had to juggle with an off-balance repertory. Mistakes have been made again and again, but it is not his fault that no Mahler, no Kleiber, no operatic Dame Ninette has come forward to guide the artistic destinies of his company. Mr Tucker, at Sadler's Wells, pursuing his trim, adventurous, forward-looking policies, has perhaps had the easier task. It is much easier to do a good English *Bartered Bride, Figaro, Magic Flute, Bohème, Rigoletto* or *Carmen* in Sadler's Wells than it is in Covent Garden.

But surely the time has come to pool resources – the money and the singers. Mr Webster as administrator, Mr Tucker as artistic director, should be able to devise a grand operatic plan for the country, using Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells and the provinces to best advantage. (It seems certain that a touring company can be launched efficiently only from a metropolitan base; the Carl Rosa readily acknowledges that their present tour would have been impossible without facilities afforded by Sadler's Wells.) Such a scheme might take a year to work out in its details; the reprieve of Sadler's Wells – at best a 'patching' operation – gives the necessary breathing-space. Unless something like this is done, Covent Garden will go forward on its path of alternate splendour and squalor, Sadler's Wells will falter through lack of an assured future, and this time next year the Opera Crisis will be on us again.

ANDREW PORTER

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Competitive Co-existence

To re-air, finally, a pet grievance: there is, I fear, little hope that Summit talks between the BBC and the ITA will lead to an agreement to end the overlapping which reached an extreme of infuriating absurdity last Sunday night. The coincidence that both the plays involved were by Eugene O'Neill merely made the clash more noticeable: as many critics complained, it was necessary to miss either the last 25 minutes of the BBC's *Strange Interlude*, brilliantly adapted by Ian Dallas (with Roy Oxley as designer), or the first 25 minutes of ABC's *The Emperor Jones*; or to watch both at once on two sets – an almost intolerable ordeal for eyes, nerves and memory.

Whichever authority you cast as Mr Dulles, competitive synchronisation is seen as a natural condition of co-existence; and the attitudes of the BBC and the ITA may be described as, respectively, haughty and brash – in any case, unaccommodating. One can, of course, see that neither is anxious to make it easier for viewers to switch to the rival channel for a substantial part of the evening; and it is unlikely that a sufficient number of viewers would have the iron self-control needed to punish both parties by a Sunday-night switch-off strike against TV as a whole.

The BBC simply say: '*We* can't do anything about it.' Programmes are planned three months ahead. There is 'a housekeeping problem': the booking of studios and camera-crews is an operation of some complexity; to advance a major production by half an hour, displacing other programmes, 'couldn't be done physically'. Moreover, they were there first: 'it has been our pattern for years'. And so on. It is all true, no doubt: as correct, and as unconvincing, as the *non possumus* with which senior civil servants meet any unorthodox or imaginative proposal by a minister – the Dunkirk rescue, say, or the Mulberries.

To the ITA, on the other hand, it is 'a matter for the programme companies'. I gather that there have been tentative and informal discussions of the possibility of avoiding a clash so grotesque that even the programme-planners would notice it – e.g., performances of the same play on both channels at the same time – but that nothing much came of them.

Only the viewers suffer. The BBC's opinion is that the overlap 'doesn't worry the public as much as it does the critics'. This may be so; but I know quite a few non-professional viewers who find it as irritating as I do.

* * *

The fact that several esteemed contemporaries have already done so must not deter me from mentioning a remarkable 40-minute play broadcast by BBC TV last week – particularly as I disagree with two of the criticisms of it.

The play was *Sammy*. It was written and produced by Mr Ken Hughes, whose own previous experience – as a director of documentary and training films for the Admiralty and as a BBC sound-radio engineer – seems to have equipped him admirably for this essay in social realism strictly for TV. Sammy is a cockney-Jewish spiv, or small-time wholesale dealer in anything he can deal in – dolls or plastic macs. He wakes with a hangover – shown in grisly detail, including the visit to the bathroom – to the realisation that he owes his bookmaker too much money and that, if he does not find £200 by 6 o'clock, the bookie's friends will come and slash his face. The play is a *tour de force* in that – save for a glimpse of two sinister backs at the end, and one or two other voices – it contains only one set and one character; and Mr Anthony Newley acted this superbly. The sleaziness of Sammy's ambience was conveyed almost too depressingly – most of all by the noises that jarred his post-alcoholic rawness, the howling or clanking trains that drowned his frantic telephone-conversations, the piano practice next door, the children yelling in the street; and, repulsive as he was, it was impossible not to share sympathetically in the agony of his hunt for the cash.

The two criticisms that I don't accept were (a) that he wouldn't have talked to himself so much (but solitaries do); and (b) that he could just have walked out and run away. (Such rats have a fatalistic sense that they will be sought out in any of the few holes they know.)

My only criticism is that the actual violence at the end was an anticlimax. It would be even more horrific to stop the play when the razor-men arrive at his door and Sammy says (the money being, as we know, on the way) that it is only five minutes to six, and they say that his watch is slow; and then, suddenly, we hear the BBC time-signal and 'Here is the news. . .'.

* * *

The best jazz on TV at present is in *Here's Humph*, Mr Lyttelton's ITV programme on Fridays at 6.10 p.m. – though one has the impression that he himself would sooner play it straight and is embarrassed by the production gimmicks considered essential to keep the morons happy. He and his increasingly untraditional combination gave a potent performance of *Aunt Hagar's Blues* last Friday as an obituary tribute to the lamented W. C. Handy.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

DISENGAGEMENT

SIR,—You write: 'In the present state of East-West relations the only type of proposal which stands a chance of acceptance is one which, by its very nature, leaves the overall military balance undisturbed'. But no such proposal can be devised, because, first, there is always an element of guesswork about each side's estimate of the other's power, purpose, degree of good faith, etc., and so always room for argument about how any measure might affect the balance between them. This argument is rendered insoluble by the suspicion, fear, hatred and self-righteousness that are the usual foundation of the statecraft of the balance of power.

Secondly, the balance of power is not a static condition, but a dynamic process: each side tries to make itself stronger than the other, in order, in its own view, to be on the safe side of its estimate of the other's power, but as the other side sees it, in order to pull far enough ahead in the arms race to inspire fear and impose its will. That is why power politicians would regard it as a fatal objection to a disengagement agreement that it might accomplish its object, that is, slacken the tension and slow up the arms race, thereby impeding their efforts to win the cold war!

In short, the balance of power is a war-footing relationship, when states think in terms of war and prepare for war against each other. Trying to combine disengagement with perpetuating the balance of power is akin to devising 'laws of war', or the idea of fighting a nuclear war with 'graded deterrents'. These are all attempts to control by reason a state of affairs that is by its very best nature irrational—what I call schemes for controlling the temperature in Hell with thermostats.

For these reasons there will be no agreement on disengagement except in so far as the governments concerned decide that the risks of continuing the nuclear arms race are greater than any danger that could result from impairing the balance of power for the sake of reaching agreement.

In practice, the only government likely to take an initiative in this sense is a British Labour government that translates the moral revolt of the British people against the suicidal folly and wickedness of the nuclear arms race into a foreign policy that renounces nuclear weapons and prohibits their use from British territory; tables our own proposals for disengagement and consequent wider agreements, as the basis for negotiation at a Summit conference; and is prepared if necessary to negotiate with the USSR, even without the US; and in the last resort to act on the principle that, if the US will not come to terms with us on how to make peace, we shall no longer be bound by the US on going to war.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

THE BOMB AND THE POLITICIANS

SIR,—I was impressed by Doris Lessing's remarks concerning the feeling among young people, especially students, towards politicians. I am a middle-aged temporary member of a university students' union where a recent discussion on nuclear disarmament revealed the same attitude that Miss Lessing has observed. The earnest puzzlement which is so noticeable among students is similar in nature to the search for a guiding principle which is actuating those who are not partisan adherents of the major political parties. Certainly the younger generation have no real leaders at the moment for the same reason that all of us have no leaders. Professional politicians are far too busy studying the 'political implications' of the present situation: thereby rendering themselves incapable of appreciating that nuclear warfare, and the tests required to prepare for it, are the concern of humanity as a whole.

The simple political approach to the problem is no longer valid and the politician peering out of his closed visor cannot be regarded as a leader of humanity. The nature of his calling allows him to represent only a small fraction of the world's population. Again, our own political parties are like two punch-drunk boxers so heavily engaged that they have forgotten the anxious audience in the darkness outside the ring; the audience who will have to do all the paying.

The traditional posturing and the stale antics of our self-styled party-leaders must give way to an appreciation of the real situation facing the human race; they cannot escape the necessity for a decision. They must decide whether they intend to lead us to compromise or annihilation.

G. HEYWOOD

48 Estcourt Terrace
Leeds

SIR,—The article 'Oxford Angst', despite its silly title, was on the whole an accurate survey of undergraduate feeling about the H-bomb. I should like, however, to amplify some of the things it said about the moods and opinions of leftish undergraduates about politics in general. Perhaps I can do this best by describing my own position, which I think is shared by a number of others in Oxford.

I have no sympathy with the aims or policies of the Conservative Party, and I shall probably vote Labour at the next election. If I cannot support the Labour Party wholeheartedly, however, it is largely for two reasons. First, many Socialists, especially among the older generation, while professing to want a classless society, appear in fact to want the continuance of the present class system because of the pleasurable opportunities for indignation it affords. Too much space is wasted in your own columns by fruitless tirades against the 'Establishment', which would be more responsibly spent in thinking out constructive ideas for organising a society in which such an Establishment would not exist. Indignation is a very satisfying emotion, but in the present circumstances it is time-wasting, ineffectual and irresponsible.

Second, many older Socialists seem too much preoccupied with economic problems. Nationalisation may or may not be an efficient economic system, but it solves no social problems. Nationalised industries seem no freer from ugly class-distinction than private firms: in fact they seem much less free than such progressive private firms as ICI. Economic changes obviously have *some* effect on people's thinking, but they seem insufficient by themselves. Yet it appears from the Brighton Conference that many people think Socialism means simply nationalisation. When all industries are nationalised, all our problems will be solved. In my opinion, this is simply a Marxist fallacy.

Perhaps we must simply despair of Conservative thinkers. It does seem to me, however, that we shall never achieve the radically changed society which I should like to see until Socialist intellectuals stop enjoying their spasms of indignation and get down to some serious thinking.

H. E. MATTHEWS

St. John's College
Oxford

KRUSHCHEV AND THE INDIANS

SIR,—I have just heard a broadcast from London in which an American commentator (Mr Charles Collingwood) referred to Mr Krushchev's statements on the status of American Indians. These statements appeared in your journal, according to the commentator, who ridiculed Mr Krushchev's evaluation of the Indian's present position in US society.

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LONDON PAVILION

I would like to suggest that this American commentator (and other overseas US propagandists) should come home and look around their own country for a while, because it appears that in the matter of American Indians, Mr Krushchev knows more than they do. As the Soviet leader pointed out, American Indians do not enjoy the benefits of capitalist democracy. I say this as a result of considerable experience with Indians. For the past few years I have been teaching in areas adjacent to some of the largest reservations, I have had Indian students in my classes, and I have travelled on the reservations of the Sioux in North Dakota, and those of the Navajo in Utah.

Eighty miles from my present home is the Fort Toten reservation of the Sioux Indians. I recently visited the Fort, in whose environs over 1,000 Indians live. On my way to the reservation, I picked up a mother and her child who were hiking the 12 miles to their home in zero degree temperatures. She had three other children, her husband was dead, and she got $80 a month assistance from welfare agencies. If she worked for wages this payment was cut reciprocally. Her home was a one-room mud and log shack, like the majority of homes of the Sioux. The school is a former army barracks, built 90 years ago, which, ironically, once quartered General Custer, who met his death in the last desperate stand of the Sioux against the white man's encroachments.

It was the same story on the Navajo reservation which I visited last summer. Some 80,000 people are herded on to a barren desert, living in mud huts called hogans, without adequate schooling, medical care, or annual income.

These observations are in accordance with facts released by the US Department of the Interior. In 1949 this organisation testified before Congress that in 1945, when non-Indian farmers were obtaining a net annual income of $2,541, Indian farm families received a net income of $501. . . .'It is probable that for as many as 20,000 Indian children of school age we have no available schoolrooms. At present we are not able to provide basic health necessities. Vaccination against tuberculosis, prevention of dental caries . . . , and wide-scale immunisation against preventable diseases, are at present impossible. . . . The ratio of dentists to Indians is 1 to 19,000 as compared with 1 to 1,800 in the general population. Comparable deficits in other personnel categories also exist. . . . Incidence and mortality rates run so high in the Indian population that full utilisation of available hospital beds would seem mandatory. Yet in fiscal year 1948 a limitation had to be placed on the average daily patient load in each hospital because of lack of operating funds'.

Although there are insufficient funds to meet elementary demands of public health for our Indians, the US government finds millions to construct a bomber base less than 50 miles from the log huts of the Sioux at Fort Toten. Another example of the waste and suffering resulting from the cold war.

E. W. PFEIFFER

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Grand Forks
North Dakota

THE MODERN CHURCH

SIR,—Bertrand Russell remarks somewhere that he would rather have his life and work described by an intelligent adversary than by a stupid admirer. I should imagine that most humanists will feel the relevance of this after reading Jacquetta Hawkes's extraordinary defence of humanism in your issue of 15 March, delivered by way of a solemn rebuke to the Church. The burden is a familiar one—the Church restricts or seeks to restrain complete freedom of action in matters of personal conduct and is therefore a stunting influence on the development of individuality:

> If the modern church is to meet the modern religious need, it must so remake itself as to be able to speak in living symbols and not in life-destroying formulæ.

Let us look at Miss Hawkes's 'living symbols':

> Cannot homosexuality be evil when it is a matter of selfish greed, and good when it is inspired by love? Is it a sin if two people wish to rear another human being with the same love they would give to a child whose genes came from both instead of only from one of them? Cannot even divorce be recognised as the lesser evil and forgiven, if it makes love possible where none was before?

I think these paragraphs say all that needs to be said about her defence of humanism. It is wrong, certainly to treat homosexuality as a crime, but it is equally wrong to see it as anything other than a sterile perversion in which the 'love' that may be present is a sentimental abstraction without any of the creative animal warmth of healthy sex. As for AID, nothing could be more humanistically repulsive, let alone religiously sinful—it may be expedient agriculturally just as castration is, but neither process is very appropriate to the human species. Childless couples are truly to be sympathised with—many of them find a partial solution to their need in adopting a child already in being, instead of the woman's grasping at an *ersatz* motherhood which selfishly excludes her husband. Divorce is a last desperate expedient when a relationship has failed absolutely—or should be—and even then a humiliating admission of failure and waste.

Miss Hawkes lives in a topsy-turvy world if these are her 'living symbols', and such a concept as Christian marriage, presumably, a 'life-destroying formula'. Humanism if it is to be worth anything must assert the dignity of a man including in its scope a consciousness of his dignity as a magnificent animal—what Yeats had in mind when he thought of the noblemen of Titian's portraits as 'great hawks at rest', or what Lawrence meant when one of his women characters contrasts a splendid stallion with the decadent men of her acquaintance:

> 'We call him an animal but we never know what it means. He seems a far greater mystery to me than a clever man. He's a horse. Why can't one say of a man: *He's a man?*'

So much for Miss Hawkes's talk of 'values' and 'love'. As for what she has to say about the church, no doubt the church will find its own defenders, but since it is a recognised convention that humanists should regularly tell the church how to run its own affairs, may I say that I find the church worthy of respect when it asserts Christian precepts courageously and *dogmatically*, and contemptible precisely when it avoids drawing conclusions from the teachings of Christ which might cause discomfort to our leaders or to the complacent apathetic millions who are presumably content to be governed by them.

BRIAN WAY

University College of Swansea

RETREAT FROM BIGNESS

SIR,—G. D. H. Cole is right in saying that the introduction of automation in any industry will reduce the number of workers in each unit. As usual, his thinking is far ahead of his younger and more conventional colleagues.

However, in assuming that a more efficient technique of production necessarily spreads like wildfire and becomes the dominant mode throughout industry, he shares the misapprehensions of most political and journalistic commentators on automation. Even the factory organisation on a large scale which characterised the industrial revolution is far from complete; the vast majority of industrial firms employ less than 100 workers each.

The reason for this, which so far seems to have escaped most economists, is that as soon as a particular product is made technically suitable for mass production (or, now, automation), it is converted from a luxury to a 'necessity' of modern civilised living. The insatiable human demand for new services and commodities moves on to a field which is technically less advanced and the labour force which has been made redundant invariably follows it, provided, of course, there is sufficient buoyancy in the economy.

Thus, the manufacture of shoes may well be carried on in units employing much smaller labour forces than 100 years ago, but numerous new services invented since then show no tendency for the average labour force to shrink in size: in a large payroll office it is likely to shrink because of electronic computers; on the other hand, the labour force in the average watch factory is likely to increase for many years yet because the work is not suitable for automation but very suitable for the division of manual labour.

E. G. SEMLER
Editor

Automation Progress

ZEN AND SCHIZOPHRENIA

SIR,—Maurice Richardson's tentative equation of Zen with 'controlled neo-schizophrenia' requires an answer. May I suggest briefly these distinctions: a schizophrene is helplessly clinging to a mad horse; the ordinary man is a rider with a fair measure of control, and provided nothing happens to make the horse panic, all is more or less well and he gets to where he wants to go; the Zen master is in complete control and can therefore allow the horse a degree of latitude which to the ordinary man may seem crazy and even suicidal. Paradoxically, he achieves this control by 'sitting loose'. Mr Richardson is at liberty to doubt this, and also to doubt whether truth can be found by the special introspective methods common to Zen and other forms of Buddhism. The only test is personal experience. If he were to meet a few people properly trained in Zen he would, I am certain, quickly realise that they were not schizophrenic. And if he tried out any form of Buddhist meditation he might also discover that this actually works.

Buddhists might well suggest that the ordinary man is in fact schizophrenic, since the ego-belief is based on a splitting into 'subject' and 'object' of the unitary experience of perception. Mr Richardson himself agrees that there is something contradictory about the ego. We would claim that Buddhism, of which Zen is a branch, has the answer. Of course no one would deny that there are dangers for the unbalanced in 'amateur Zen', but the real thing is different. Try it and see.

M. O'C. WALSHE

14 Lyndhurst Road, NW3

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ROCKLIFF

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JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—If the Soviet government is sincere in its desire to abolish discrimination against the Jews, why does it insist in marking the passports with the word 'Jew'? If the Jewish culture is absorbed into the Russian way of life there seems no logical reason for the retention of the old Tsarist practice of racial endorsement in the passports.

MONTAGUE CALMAN

30 Coram Street, WC1

WHERE AQUINAS FEARED TO TREAD

SIR,—It was careless of Mr Johnson to say that Aquinas 'travelled over most of the civilised world'. How about Byzantium and Islam, not to speak of the Far East?

The rest of Mr Johnson's review, apart from much gratuitous speculation on what the schoolmen 'seemed to argue' or what Aquinas would be had he lived today, is surely unjust and question-begging. One can charge Aquinas with failing to understand Aristotle and hence producing an inconsistent and unrealistic political theory; but why assume that he was 'smugly hedging his bets'?

It is simply untrue to say that he was 'vague to the point of meaninglessness' on all issues with contemporary bearings. 'In the government of men, disorder arises from the fact that someone gets power not because of his intellectual superiority but because he usurps power by violence or is promoted through ties of sensible affection.' Is this not a true and meaningful comment, on the present government for instance? 'The division and appropriation of property . . . must not impede the satisfaction thence of man's necessity. So what people own in superabundance is owed to the sustenance of the poor by natural law . . . If . . . there is such urgent and evident need that there is an obvious and immediate necessity of relief—for instance, when physical privation is imminent and there is no other source of help, a man may provide for his need from other people's property, either openly or by stealth. Nor can this rightly be called fraud or robbery.'

Aquinas on the Cohen Committee?

Not on your life!

FRED MURPHY

6 Orchard Avenue, N20

COOL YOUNG MEN

SIR,—In the first salvo fired by your new architectural correspondent, Mr Banham, two shots fell on the target and two very wide of it.

Hit One: The conservative philistinism of clients. True, but this applies more to the boards of directors who build in the city rather than to the councillors who have and still are commissioning our best schools and housing. I know of a luxury-flat developer who instructed his architects to do neo-Georgian as that would *not* then look like the contemporary flats built by the LCC for the working class.

Hit Two: The built-in frustrations of our profession caused by the smothering of initiative and skill of its better and more responsible younger members. True, our Establishment still controls the distribution of much private patronage; but it has taken some hard knocks in the RIBA, and more are to come.

Miss One: The architect is not a chronic schizoid and his job is not 'mutually exclusive'. Of course the profession suffers the strains of a fragmented and visually philistine society and culture; but any architect who is not prepared to be an artist, technician and an organiser better take up another profession.

Miss Two: A bad shot. The 'bands of devoted . . . and politically orientated young men. . . .' have not mostly quit the LCC. The fact that some, not particularly orientated, have left and are now the better able to get publicity for their ideas in the *Architectural Review* should not have misled Mr Banham.

Anyway the LCC is rightly now turning to the job of redeveloping worn-out inner London, a bigger job than building on the parklands of Roehampton, offering equally creative opportunities, but requiring the removal of some tough political and property obstacles. I hope Mr Banham will risk schizophrenia and tell NEW STATESMAN readers about these obstacles to good architecture.

GRAEME SHANKLAND

The Architectural Association
London

THE FAT OF THE LAND

SIR,—In his entertaining article on his week at the Edinburgh Festival as a member of a British Council vacation course for overseas students, which we are glad to see he regards as 'a huge success', Mr Noel Perrin remarks: '. . . it is we foreign students who do the soft living. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty's Government pays us to do it—or at least it splits the expenses with us. That delightful body the British Council receives perhaps half a million pounds annually for the purpose.'

To avoid any misunderstanding, may I explain that the Council's annual net share of the cost of these vacation courses, which are held all over the country and provide places for some 2,500 members, is about £9,000. The total net annual expenditure on the entire range of the Council's student welfare services, including hostels providing transit, temporary and permanent accommodation, mainly for students from the Colonies, and a generous estimate for items which cannot be precisely costed, such as staff only partially engaged on this work, is substantially less than half the figure mentioned by Mr Perrin.

PAUL REED
Information Officer

British Council
65 Davies St, W1

April

Many a man who lays no particular claim to athletic ability is nevertheless following the classic tradition. An athlete, in ancient Greece, was one who contended for a prize at the games; and the seat into which you collapse after your morning sprint for the 8.32 is undoubtedly a prize, though the daily struggle for it may not be your idea of a game. You could, of course, avoid this undignified procedure—if only you could remember to leave the house five minutes earlier. We, of course, have frequently claimed that the Midland Bank will 'do your remembering for you'. But the reference (to our Standing Order service) is concerned only with the payment of regularly-recurring accounts. It can, alas, do nothing to bring you into a better conjunction with the 8.32.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Seniority of Mind

All reading has its risks. Pub reading can be dangerous. A few weeks ago, stationed in a saloon bar between Harrod's and the Oratory, I was engaged in an attack upon chapters XXIII, XXIV and XXV of *Emma*. (I say 'attack', for we read Jane Austen, do we not, like a musical score: she is all notation.) I was in the middle of the passage that describes how Emma's very good opinion of Frank Churchill was a little shaken by learning that he was off to London suddenly, 'merely to have his hair cut' – and was at that moment myself a little shaken by overhearing a fragment of conversation carried on in a loud and hard drawl by a woman who, except for her British warm, tartan jeans, charm-laden bangles and larded complexion, was Mrs Elton to the life: a satisfactory, even a sublime specimen of the hard-faced bitch of our day, the Fifties *femme d'un certain age*, product of tobacco, gin and tonic, the analyst's couch, the King's Proctor and a society ruled by the telly. Needless to say, she was describing the break-up of a marriage – in this case, her brother's. 'As Bill said to me, "I'm not a nine to five man. I've never pretended to be. She knew that". Frankly, darling, she's a bit out-classed. She's bourgeois. . . . A dreary little place they've got – you can't entertain in it – so crowded'. The Rattigan rat-race was on, and the pay-off, when it came, was masterly. 'But you know, darling', the woman finally intoned, setting down her empty g. and t. glass and moving off, 'people can't be more than they are.' During these moments, the full measure of Jane Austen's importance hit me for the first time. One of the world's greatest moralists, her art is largely there to remind us that we can be more than we are. Like Captain Benwick in his relations with Anne Elliott, she instructs quite simply by her 'seniority of mind'. Her books are truly in earnest about us and our lives, and we read her in order to learn how to live.

I am a late-comer to her mysteries. I read all six novels stupidly in my 'teens, laughed at the more obvious jokes and thought no more about them. Now, in the last six weeks, I have re-read them all. It is a great, a humbling and a deeply salutary experience. I believe that they gain by being read straight off in this way, one after the other, in the lump, in the order in which she wrote them. The whole of her astounding moral landscape is then most clearly visible. The diverse symmetry, the manifold rhythms, the patches of density, the nitid glare, the sudden leaps into the heart of emotional darkness – *e.g.* Chapter XXIII of *Persuasion* – are then apparent. Or, again, there is that extraordinary twist in Chapter XLIV of *Sense and Sensibility* where, as Empson has commented, despite the fact that 'critics are fond of saying that Jane Austen never shows men apart from women. . . here . . . we have Willoughby seeing all the way in front of him, as he drives all night through storm to the supposed death-bed of Marianne, the face of deathly agony with which she received his insults and rejection. It is a detail you might get in Dostoevsky'.

Though almost everything that can be said about Jane Austen has long ago been exhausted, the 'density' of her work – the sheer physical weights and pressures of her situations – has not, I believe, been sufficiently remarked on. It is to be seen at its purest in *Northanger Abbey* – the slightest novel in the canon, but particularly rich in this quality. The best example occurs in Chapter II where Catherine is making her long-awaited *entrée* to the Bath Upper Rooms:

> They were not long able, however, to enjoy the repose of the eminence they had so laboriously gained. Everybody was shortly in motion for tea, and they must squeeze out like the rest. Catherine began to feel something of disappointment – she was tired of being continually pressed against by people, the generality of whose faces possessed nothing to interest. . . .

The blend of boredom, nervous excitement, and the flushed claustrophobia we all experience in the rush hour is perfect. Again, how various are the tempos of all six beginnings. Fanny's lonely childhood drags out the beginning of *Mansfield Park* like a Handel largo; but notice in *Emma* how she opens up her pieces with the air of a chess-master clearing his backline and preparing to castle.

In his introduction to his translation of the *Analects* of Confucius Mr Arthur Waley quotes a great Chinese scholar as declaring that 'we can only have one Confucius at a time'. Ku Chieh-Kang was concerned with the stratification of myth, the way in which a sage or a saviour undergoes alteration at the hands of his disciples in the course of historical process. In Jane Austen's case it is not so much the accretion of time as of ten thousand temperaments upon her work that creates the haze that occludes her.

For George IV (as for Macaulay) she was the purveyor of superb light entertainment – they enjoyed her books as we enjoy Miss Mitford; for Kipling she was a whole freemasonry, for Mr E. M. Forster a delicious and favourite aunt, for Hugh Thompson, who illustrated her novels so execrably, a puss drowned in a tub of goldfish. For Gide she is comparable to certain portraits by Ingres ('the sky is rather low, rather empty'), for Mr Walter Allen – who has devoted an excellent chapter to her in his study of the English novel – each of her six heroines is engaged in tracing out a unique path of self-knowledge. (How wonderfully various within the narrow context of what she herself described as 'two inches wide of ivory' each of those six girls is! And not just her heroines alone, but her whole repertory of characters. If the English were an emotionally adult race, our grammar schools would long ago have echoed to a familiar *lycée* meditation: 'Discuss and compare the characters of Jane and Elizabeth Bennet'.) For Sheila Kaye-Smith and Miss G. B. Stern (and their book, though arch and scrappy, is by no means unrewarding), she is a woman in a thousand, one who can be endlessly gossiped about. For Mr D. W. Harding, she is the humane cynic *par excellence*, the writer whose work reveals a devastating awareness of 'the possibility of holding a low opinion of people to whom one is bound by affection'. To Professor Trilling, with his dangerous mythi-poetic facility for intellectual elaboration, she embodies Hegel's 'secularisation of spirituality' in the nineteenth century. 'She is the first,' he tells us portentously,

> to be aware of the Terror which rules our moral situation, the ubiquitous anonymous judgment to which we respond, the necessity we feel to demonstrate the purity of our secular spirituality, whose dark and dubious places are more numerous and obscure than those of religious spirituality, to put our lives and styles to the question, making sure that not only in deeds but in decor they exhibit the signs of our belonging to the number of the secular-spiritual elect.

To Miss Margaret Kennedy, on the contrary, she remains the most tantalising of Christians. (No one who has read the prayers Jane Austen composed or Mrs Leavis's fine essays on *Mansfield Park* and *Sense and Sensibility* could, I think, fail to agree with this.) Miss Kennedy, whose insight is remarkable, sees her as a sociable solitary; her letters are 'entertaining but perfunctory, cheerful with the disciplined selfless merriment of a nun at Community Recreation'; she is one who 'has no desire . . . to diminish the dignity of experience, even for children'; a young woman who never had a bedroom to herself and whose contemporaries must have supposed 'that she would have a long and increasingly successful career and that they would meet her some day at Holland House'; one who could comment on the 'sad story of Mrs P' that,

> I should not have suspected her of such a thing. She stayed the Sacrament, I remember, the last time you and I did.

In her essay Mrs Leavis very rightly makes much of the hierarchic order and purpose pervading *Mansfield Park*; as she implies, Mansfield is a platonic shadow of the whole world of moral experience that lay outside it in Jane Austen's imagination. Sir Thomas Bertram's world, shattered by Mrs Norris's deceit, Tom's thoughtlessness, Julia's egotism and, finally, by Maria's adultery, reels from its true course. The virtue – what I believe Confucians call *tê* – runs out of it. And only at the end of the book is this frame of order restored.

I am particularly grateful for this insight, for it has saved me from a stupid misconception about Jane Austen's work which, had I not pondered Mrs Leavis's remarks, I might have persisted in. I had always imagined the novels of those modern writers who have succeeded best in rendering the tribal nastiness of the English – Mr Anthony Powell in his 'blue period' comes quickest to mind – owed much of their penetration to her influence. Mrs Leavis has made me realise what Jane Austen was really trying to do. It is quite different from what Mr Powell did so perfectly in *From a View to a Death*. Mr

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Mansfield Park. By JANE AUSTEN. Introduction by Q. D. LEAVIS. *Macdonald*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Sense and Sensibility, with *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*. By JANE AUSTEN. Introduction by Q. D. LEAVIS. *Macdonald*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

From Blake to Byron. (The Pelican Guide to English Literature, Vol. V.) Edited by BORIS FORD. *Penguin*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Jane Austen. By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Barker*. 2*s*.

Passenger, the most formidable of all Powell's characters, because he distils the hard wisdom of rentier England, may sum up the shires, but Sir Thomas Bertram transcends them. It is this true seniority of mind – what Pascal, in a very different connection, calls '*une tendresse cordiale*' – that constitutes Jane Austen's peculiar note.

JOHN RAYMOND

A Visit to the Exhibition

The Dresden Paintings in East Berlin, January 1956: part of a poem sequence

Crimson and very warm
  Like a ventricle
  Are these galleries
Where crowds spread and swarm.

Giorgione's holy Venus,
  In a meadow cool
  And naked as a pearl,
Entrusts herself to us.

Women beneath black hats
  Pause awhile.
  Cruelly the light
Of the graveyard world attacks.

The painted one is queen;
  Among ghosts
  Or dreaming daughters
Who'd find a better woman?

Boys in rank uniform
  Stamp and stare.
  Their guide is young,
And ardently contrasts their norm

With Watteau's butterflies',
  Gentry with ribboned
  Mandolins
Who swing among leaves and skies.

But such gauzy bagatelles
  Are make-believe
  To boys, flimsy
Traditional picture material.

And as unlikely, antique,
  Are these horses,
  Pisan hills,
Gods and goddesses, meek

Madonnas in their bowers.
  The fires of the past,
  Distant and clear,
Burn coldly to a want like theirs;

While the old in empty rooms
  Guiltily stare,
  Poking chins
Into Rembrandt's glooms,

For wintery emperors
  Or lacey relations
  Patrons or donors
Of portraits to burgomasters;

Knowing exactly what
  Such prosperity was,
  Checking the paint,
Expert in their regret.

MAIRI MACINNES

Plays on Proust

Six Proust Reconstructions. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

There have been many parodies of Proust, al rather silly and flat, from Louis Martin-Chauffier's in his own lifetime ('enchanting, Monsieu . . . strikes a false note . . . a bit anaemic . . . I laughed fit to die', wrote the victim with mixed feelings) to a recent review of the Penguin *Swann's Way* in our leading humorous weekly. For many years M. André Maurois was alone in understanding that Proust, though inaccessible to parody, positively welcomes the nobler art of pastiche. In his delicious *Le Côté de Chelsea* it was with the true Proustian arabesque of imagery that M. Maurois made Marcel visit London with Andrée in the summer of 1928, stay in separate bedrooms in a respectable hotel near Victoria Station, and meet a thinly disguised segment of English ruling-class and intellectual society in one of the stately homes of Surrey. In the same spirit Proust had written his own astonishing pastiches of Balzac, Flaubert, Saint-Simon and the rest, and confided to friends his method – 'I set my inner metronome to his rhythm' – and his purpose – 'I found it so amusing to write literary criticism in action'.

Miss Hansford Johnson's dramatic 'reconstructions' of Proust, which during the last ten years have been among the most deservedly popular discoveries of the Third Programme, are not, of course, parodies but pastiches. It is a form so unwonted in English that the very word has usually meant a half-involuntary plagiarism ('Mr X's novel is a pastiche of Kafka') rather than a serious, though highly entertaining critical tech-

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nique. Her 'criticism in action' was delightful to hear, and is now equally delightful to read. Mr Rayner Heppenstall's excellent because self-effacing production, Mr Anthony Jacobs's fragile and formidable Marcel, Mr Michael Head's parallel pastiche of Vinteuil's music are absent; but Proust, after all, wrote not sounds but prose, and it is only in the printed word that the mind's ear can relish to the full Miss Hansford Johnson's re-creation of his effect. To explain the ideal reader's enjoyment by reproducing it is perhaps one of the most important and certainly one of the most rarely performed duties of the critic. These plays are working models of the joys, surprises, farces and cruelties of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu.*

My own favourite is *The Duchess at Sunset,* where the characters of Proust's novel are shown, retaining the respective ages they had in their prime, as they might have behaved during the German occupation in 1941. Mme Verdurin is a collaborator, the Duchesse sits her lovely behind on the fence, the Baron de Charlus is working (this is a splendid insight into his essential greatness of soul) for the Resistance, and Albertine, ambiguous to the last, though about to dance with a Gestapo captain, may just possibly be an innocent Free French spy. There is a moment at the end, where Marcel tells Charlus that he is writing 'a book about time', so hallucinatorily Proustian that it seems to become part of the canon; there is another in *Saint-Loup,* when Rachel attends his funeral at Combray and walks away with Marcel over the cornfields. In *Albertine Regained* a plaintive Albertine, completely recovered from her riding accident in Touraine, presents her own version of her life with Marcel – 'Some of the English complain that too much was written about me; I say, not half enough!' Her trips to Gomorrah with her girl companions turn out to have been, far from possessing the desperate, vicious glamour with which the jealous Marcel invested them, no more important to her than her casual affection for himself; the famous telegram beginning 'My dear, you think I am dead, forgive me, I am quite alive' was from Albertine after all; so 'we were married' and 'we get along as nicely as most people'. Elsewhere we are told more than Proust troubled to reveal about the marriage of M. de Charlus, or the beginnings of Saint-Loup's homosexuality; in *A Window at Montjouvain* the correspondence between Vinteuil's dolorous way to genius and Marcel's recovery of Time Lost is worked out in full. Miss Hansford Johnson is concerned to show not that Proust omitted essential aspects of his characters which it is her task to fill in, but that the people of *A la Recherche* have such independent life that they can be imagined in situations which he only hinted, or which do not form part of his novel at all; and this is a significant fact about his technique which could be proved in no other way. If, as is to be hoped, Proust still inhabits a corklined bedroom in the next world, and is allowed to receive visits from the plebeian friends who died at Auschwitz or the noble ladies who expired in reduced circumstances during the last few years, only one thought can mar his gratification as he reads this book to them: 'why', he asks from time to time, 'didn't I think of that?'

GEORGE D. PAINTER

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Archæological Buccaneer

Aku-Aku. By THOR HEYERDAHL. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

This time Thor Heyerdahl went to Polynesia in a comfortable Greenland trawler instead of on a balsa raft. But even on Easter Island, the remotest speck of all the islands and his main destination, he could not escape his fame. The islanders greeted him on arrival as 'Senor Kon-Tiki', and were soon attributing to him a magical power, an *aku-aku,* which extracted from them secrets of which even the resident Chilean priest, who had been there for twenty years, had had no suspicion. Heyerdahl exorcised the island. When grimacing masks and small stone whales were brought from their hiding-places and tumbled at his feet, the islanders stopped shivering with fear at their own audacity as he munched the ritual rumps of roast chickens to propitiate the devils whose tutelary objects they were. The island gave a sigh of relief; Heyerdahl won an archæological treasure trove.

The purpose of his expedition, as of the Kon-Tiki journey, was serious though almost as dramatic. He had come to solve the mystery of the Easter Island statues, and to use them as evidence in support of his theory that Polynesia was populated from South America. When he wrote his huge book *American Indians in the Pacific* he was already convinced that the majority of ethnologists were wrong in suggesting an eastward migration to the islands from Indonesia. Everything – geography, prevailing winds and currents, racial affinities, technical achievements – pointed to a pre-Inca migration from Chile and Peru. Would the first scientific excavation of the Easter Island sites bear this out? In his opinion, it did. Though the evidence is rather sketchily presented, as one might expect in a book which is a popular forerunner to a treatise, as *Kon-Tiki* was to *American Indians,* it leaves his argument neither weakened nor reinforced. What is disconcerting about his method is his habit of accepting the romantic explanation of still puzzling facts. Let me give two instances.

He was much concerned to discover how the colossal Easter Island statues were set upright without the use of machinery. In typical fashion, he asked the Mayor. 'Easy,' said the Mayor, who had never been asked this question before. 'I'll give you a demonstration.' A medium-sized 30-ton prone statue was chosen for the experiment, and was gradually levered up with long poles while the Mayor shoved small stones into the gaps, until it rose higher and higher on its stone platform and could be toppled back onto its feet. It took twelve men eighteen days. Heyerdahl was delighted. 'The Mayor,' he writes in a caption to an excellent series of colour-photographs of the experiment, 'possesses the whole secret handed down for eleven generations.' But does he? It *could* have been done in this way. But when archæologists puzzled over the precisely similar problem of raising the trilithon of Stonehenge before the Ministry of Works arrived with their mobile cranes, they decided that the stones were either dragged up a previously prepared ramp and dropped into position from its highest point, or were hauled up by hundreds of men pulling on ropes of fibre attached to the top. There is nothing to prove conclusively that one of these methods was not used at Easter Island.

The second example of Heyerdahl's reasoning is more disturbing. One of the mysteries of the Polynesian culture is the almost complete absence of pottery. If, as Heyerdahl says, the islanders came from Peru and were soon able to outdo their ancestors in megalithic building, it is inconceivable that they should simultaneously have lost the art of making pottery, which once learned is never abandoned. Pottery was found in quantity by Heyerdahl himself on the Galapagos Islands, but while there is plenty of clay on Easter Island, he discovered only three pots, which were possibly imports in modern times, and turned up not a single potsherd in his extensive excavations. Why? He offers no solution in this book, but in *American Indians,* written before he had visited Easter Island, he suggested that the emigrants must have left the continent before pottery was discovered. But that is impossible. Pottery was widespread throughout the west coast of South America as early as 900 B.C. The first inhabitants of Easter Island arrived, according to Heyerdahl, about 400 A.D. On this evidence alone it seems reasonable to question a Peruvian origin for the islanders.

Aku-Aku is as exciting a book as *Kon-Tiki,* for the carving and erection of the Easter Island monoliths is an achievement as astonishing as the navigation of the open Pacific. Heyerdahl's approach to both is much the same. To discover the truth we must relive with the islanders the experiences of their remote ancestors, handling the same craft, the same tools. We must not bury ourselves in science, forgetting the people who can tell us, often through a mist of magic, the secrets of their past. He is an adventurer, an archæological buccaneer; but it emerges from every page of his books that he is also a restless inquirer, a great leader and an immensely likeable man.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Sparta and Athens

The Politics of Inequality. By GWENDOLEN M. CARTER. *Thames & Hudson.* 63*s.*

Africa in Transition. Edited by PRUDENCE SMITH. *Reinhardt.* 15*s.*

Pageant of Ghana. By FREDA WOLFSON. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Other People's Worlds. By NAOMI MITCHISON. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

The Spartans were much absorbed with problems of race relations. Their duty, as they conceived it, was to safeguard Dorian civilisation; to preserve the purity of Spartan blood; to cherish traditional Spartan values; to restrict the Natives to menial forms of production and personal service; to segregate them socially; and to withhold from them in perpetuity all citizen rights. The Spartan system of *Apartheid*, or as Professor Popper calls it 'arrested tribalism', was the logical consequence of these principles.

South African political institutions conform broadly to the Spartan model, being designed to serve the same basic ends. In this massive, and sadly expensive, study Professor Carter examines the system with Aristotelian thoroughness. The book is admirable of its kind: a very intelligent man's guide to White politics in South Africa since 1948. Professor Carter has ransacked every kind of source – parliamentary debates, official and unofficial reports, monographs, party literature, the press in all its aspects; is clearly as much at home with the Afrikaans as with the English material; has interviewed politicians of all standpoints and at all levels, sat in on conferences, observed and analysed elections – and kept a cool head through it all. The most interesting and original chapters are those which discuss the parties, both major and minor, and the constellations of pressure-groups surrounding them. Professor Carter is a connoisseur of parties, and reveals very clearly the contrast between the closely knit, disciplined, Calvinistic, actively proselytising Nationalists – with their *Broederbond* core and network of interlocking economic, cultural, and religious organisations – and the loose, bourgeois, opportunistic, conservative-minded, defensive United Party.

The difficulty, as Professor Carter is well aware, is that a study of this kind, limited – apart from one chapter on non-European political organisations – to a description of White politics and parties, at once raises the question – Are White politics sufficiently interesting to deserve this microscopic view? Basically they turn on a conflict about the most effective method of trying to preserve this Spartan-type State. But the really interesting question – whether this form of State, superimposed upon a very unspartan dynamic economy, can be preserved at all – is not discussible, except by the Liberal Party. Hence, though the descriptive account of the party system could hardly be bettered, there is an unreality about the debate which underlies it: Hamlet reduced to a dialogue between the gravediggers.

Prudence Smith's excellent collection of Third Programme broadcasts, which she travelled across southern Africa to arrange, pursues some of the themes that directly affect the future of the South African State (and the Central African Federation), but are necessarily excluded from *The Politics of Inequality*. These talks are really about 'the sociology of inequality', although most of the authors don't put it that way: about the forces which are transforming African society and eating away the foundations of arrested tribalism – migration, towns, slums and new housing estates, the substitution of a 'modern' for a 'traditional' leadership, changes in the status of women, the impact of the Indian community, and so forth. The chief merit of the talks is their realism and intellectual honesty: the three African, Indian, and Coloured contributions have also a quality of freshness which some of the European essays lack. But even Professor Olivier, of the Nationalist-oriented SABRA, defends *Apartheid* without appealing to the old myths, sheerly on the principle of the interest of the stronger.

If South Africa conforms to the Spartan model, does Ghana at all resemble the Athenian? The comparison has possibilities. Political equality is a powerful idea in Ghana, with some basis in social facts. Kwame Nkrumah belongs much more to the tradition of Cleon than of Lenin or Mussolini. Like Alcibiades, Professor Busia and his friends would like to replace the rule of demagogues by the rule of gentlemen. There is something of the same exuberant controversy of the market-place, enjoyment of beauty combined with philosophising. And, though official relations between Ghana and the Union are friendly, the two States have come to symbolise opposed political principles for uncommitted Africa.

In their totally different ways both Miss Wolfson and Naomi Mitchison have succeeded in expressing these Athenian qualities. Mrs Mitchison has written a pleasant, witty, wandering sort of book. Mainly she is content to reflect the impressions she absorbed during six weeks in Ghana and southern Nigeria. But, having unusual insight, she also asks almost all the questions worth asking, and wisely hardly tries to answer any of them. She is naturally best on the topics that interest her most – language, dress, morals; weaker on politics. When puzzled, she tends to fall back on Scottish history, with the result that the Asantihene seems to get a bit mixed up with Macbeth.

All of us, I think, suffer from a lack of African historical perspective, which often makes it difficult to understand developments in contemporary Ghana. That is one reason why this historical anthology of Miss Wolfson's (part of a new West African History series) is valuable. It consists of extracts from the writings – many of them rare and inaccessible – of European and African observers, from about 1500 on, throwing light on various aspects and phases of Ghana's past, with a helpful introduction and admirable illustrations. Inevitably the quality of these seventy witnesses – beginning with Joao de Barros and Pacheco Pereira, and running through Bosman and Bowdich, Henty and Baden-Powell, to Sir Alan Burns and Kwame Nkrumah – is unequal. But the total impression which they present is of people who have remained remarkably rooted in their institutions, changing them at this point or that as need arose, since the day in 1481 when Caramança, King of Elmina, urged Diogo de Azambuja, the King of Portugal's emissary, not to build a fort in his country, on the ground that—

> Friends who met occasionally remained better friends than if they were neighbours, on account of the nature of the human heart.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Romain Gary's *Les Racines du Ciel*, reviewed in our French Books number last September, has now been published in an English translation by Jonathan Griffin, *The Roots of Heaven* (Michael Joseph, 16s.). Two new volumes of the Oxford Illustrated Dickens (15s. each) are *The Uncommercial Traveller and Reprinted Pieces*; and *Master Humphrey's Clock and A Child's History of England.*

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ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Patriotism is Sometimes More Than Enough

Forgive But Do Not Forget. By SYLVIA SALVESEN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Edith Cavell. By A. A. HOEHLING. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Thirty years and a vast tract of history lie between these two books. But the stage seems, ominously, the same. Sylvia Salvesen, a distinguished Norwegian woman in her fifties, wife of King Haakon VII's physician and a leading member of the Norwegian Resistance, was arrested by the Occupying Germans in September 1942. Her three-year sojourn in German concentration camps – she was later the first witness at the Ravensbrück trials – is the subject of a fine and penetrating record, *Forgive But Do Not Forget.*

To come out of any of the great Nazi abattoirs alive must count as something of a miracle; to survive unsubdued as a human creature requires a special moral and personal vitality. Not more than fifty women in a thousand, Madame Salvesen found, possessed this stamina. The rest, dead or not, were destroyed. Yet how did even this rare character keep throughout, as she did, her sense of civilised values? Working in the camp hospital she witnessed (and cleared up after) gruesome 'guinea-pig' operations, the sterilising of young women and children, and all kinds of rough surgery performed without anæsthetics, as well as filth, starvation, and every form of degradation. Remember, she says, that a whole nation has been subjected to the influences that make such happenings possible; forget, and there is every chance that they will come about again. On the other hand, where she could find good, even in the prison officials, she freely acknowledged it. She startled the monstrous matron, Oberschwester Elizabeth Marshall, by bidding her at the end a civil farewell.

> Did she realise that what I wished her was peace within herself, and that neither she nor Germany would be able to gain peace until they realised their guilt and took responsibility for it? Was the German mentality capable of this?

Personal responsibility – the idea has never been a popular one. But here is a voice saying boldly that when criminal orders are made, it is also criminal to obey. Not all the Germans, even in Ravensbrück, obeyed.

Still, Madame Salvesen's title – if it is her own – touches an interesting point. What does the word 'forgive' really signify? Has it any positive meaning at all? Doesn't it indicate that the subject, whatever it is, has ceased to be painful, that it is remote – something, perhaps, of a bore? In fact, is not *to forgive* something very much like *to forget*? In the case of the Nazi atrocities many people not only do not remember but have preferred not ever to know. Though organised bestialities were a commonplace throughout the country long before the declaration of war in 1939, people continued to take jolly holidays in Germany and entertain young Nazis in their homes right up to that date. And since the war there has been a rush of public 'forgiving', unctuous and ingratiating, on the part of people who had never personally sampled Nazi unpleasantness at all – a curious impertinence if you come to think of it. What is more, the harshness of Iron Curtain rule, the tedious routine of the Spandau prison are vaguely lumped together with the unique horrors of Auschwitz and Belsen. Madame Salvesen does well to sort out these misconceptions. Yet she writes with extraordinary humanity: every page of her book contains something of wisdom and importance.

The facts of *Edith Cavell* by Mr Hoehling at least make clear that even heroism changes its style with the times.

In August 1915 Edith Cavell, head of a nursing institute in Brussels, was arrested for helping nearly two hundred Allied soldiers and young Belgians to escape to neutral Holland. On October 12, after a hasty trial, she was shot. The role seems modern enough. But Edith Cavell was essentially the Anglican English gentlewoman of a bygone generation – a country rector's daughter, lonely, high-principled, dog-loving, disciplined, devout. At 25 she was a governess in Brussels; at 31 she was in the East End of London, training to be a nurse. The work used all her brilliant abilities, practical and administrative, and in 1907 she was asked to organise and direct a pioneer nursing school in Brussels. It was this institute which was to shelter, sometimes recklessly, so many young men on their secret way to the frontier.

So far the tale takes a predictable course. It is clear to anyone that Miss Cavell would have been arrested sooner or later. As for the German sentence – from the view of 1958 it may seem heavy-handed, boorish, ill-advised, even brutal, but hardly inconsistent with the machinery of war. Twenty or so years later, the Germans would have destroyed a Cavell with very much less ado. No, the puzzling features of the affair are these: the role of the American Legation in Brussels and the behaviour of the prisoner herself. Why did the US Minister Brand Whitlock allow four weeks to pass without even seeming to notice the arrest? Why, on the eve of the execution, did he take cover under a temporary illness? Diplomatic representatives of other countries with more to lose spent the night in knocking on German doors on her behalf.

As for Edith Cavell herself, the real flaw in the legend – the one thing impossible to accept – is her long, detailed, and apparently gratuitous confession, incriminating not only herself but a host of her fellow-workers. 'She rendered her defence practically impossible for her barrister,' her doctor superior admitted. Betrayal of this sort, whatever the devotion to truth may do for one's private and personal soul, is not in any of the heroic codes. One feels at this point that patriotism *would* have been enough.

Was her death wish, then, the cause or the result of her confession? For after the first week or so in prison, it was evident that she did not wish to live. Did she feel perhaps that she had contravened the rules of war – that she *had* a sin to expiate? 'I have done what was my duty. They must do with me what they will,' she wrote from prison. 'Duty' is the key word here, but whether she meant her Resistance work or her admission to the enemy, it is impossible now to say. Mr Hoehling's book, so interesting, breathless, vague, and confusingly written, does little to make it clear.

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MACMILLAN

New Fiction

The Brave African Huntress. By AMOS TUTUOLA. *Faber.* 18*s.*

A Bright Green Field. By ANNA KAVAN. *Peter Owen.* 15*s.*

The Birth of a Grandfather. By MAY SARTON. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Onionhead. By WELDON HILL. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

When Jonathan Cape published *Babbitt* in 1922, he thought it safer to issue the book with the sponsorship of Hugh Walpole. 'Let us admit at once,' Walpole wrote, 'that the English reader will find the first fifty pages difficult, the dialogue strange, the American business atmosphere obscure and complicated. Let him persevere . . .' The anxious publisher also provided a glossary to explain words like bum and bunk, junk and jeans, pep and poppycock. The English reader seems to be much more accommodating today. He is exposed to Samuel Selvon's stories in the Trinidad dialect, and to Amos Tutuola's strange English and even stranger atmosphere. But there is a world of difference between Selvon and Tutuola. Selvon uses the vigorous idiom of people who know no language but English. Tutuola's English is that of the West African schoolboy, an imperfectly acquired second language. In what other age could bad grammar have been a literary asset? And how has it preserved its wonderful badness? These queries are unavoidable when one reads *The Brave African Huntress.* It is Tutuola's fourth, the most straightforward and the thinnest. Adebisi, the daughter of a great hunter, goes to the Jungle of Pigmies to kill the pigmies and rescue her four brothers. Her adventures are no more fantastic than those we know in legends from other countries, though they lack the consistency that makes it easier to suspend disbelief. There is none of the primeval nightmare fascination of the earlier books, little to attract the psychoanalyst and the anthropologist. Were it not for the difficult language, the book could be given to children.

It isn't such a big jump from the Jungle of the Pigmies to the *Bright Green Field.* Miss Kavan's stories are insubstantial and sterile fantasies; their

setting can be simply 'the place', and they are likely to have characters called 'the man' and 'the girl', the sort of thing Stephen Leacock parodied goodness knows how many years ago. These stories are smugly non-commercial, long on sensibility, short on story and other commercial things like characterisation, good dialogue, humour, pace, interest. The longest item is an ill-balanced and rather obvious essay in the 1984 style. Elsewhere there are vibrant reminders of Lawrence, Hemingway and Capote.

The Birth of a Grandfather tells of the stresses within a New England family burdened by its fifty-year-old tradition. Dear old Gran-Quan regularly reads Wordsworth to the assembled family and he quotes 'Brightness falls from the air' when dear old Aunt Jane dies. Everybody else has sensibilities to match. Frances Wyeth, 'with her electrical anguish and joy', is afraid that the family is breaking up. Husband wants to go to Japan. Son just wants to get away. Daughter wants to get married to an Irish boy with no background. (He stroked his college boat, but the Wyeths swiftly put him in his place by their poetry readings and the other emblems of their tradition – 'that stuffed head of an elk over the mantel, for instance . . . that Norwegian ash-tray . . .') Everything is finally resolved, though it all seems rather arbitrary and pointless, a storm in the finger-bowl. So very little happens. The Wyeths drink and eat and talk and talk until it is impossible to feel any interest in these humourless people and their faked-up fancy problems, which are never acted out and explored, but merely stated over and over, in maddeningly sensitive interior monologue or in stiff cultivated conversation. 'It's just that I was faithful to my misery,' Frances says; but this is on page 222 and we have only fifty more to go. The writing throughout is intense; with so little happening, the smallest action has to be given a hollow portentousness. Here is Aunt Jane getting out of a skiff:

> There was never any real arrival, she thought. One arrived somewhere, but one always had to go on. It was never finished. The huge effort of living went on. . . .

(Not my dots.) And here is Frances in her kitchen:

> She was standing there, Hester thought, like some beautiful fury in disguise, before the casserole she had cooked and which she was about to serve, the spoon ready in her hand – standing there and looking like a young boy, her eyes blazing, and some thirsty eagerness for life so unquenched in her that it was almost frightening.

Al Woods, the hero of *Onionhead*, also cooks; he too has a thirsty eagerness for life; but he is much more credible and sympathetic. He can produce culinary masterpieces even when he follows the American *Navy Cookbook* – 'with its every recipe ending in the frustrating notation: "Serves one hundred men".' He has his problems: rivalry in the galley, and a lack of sex. Don't be put off by the tag on the jacket: 'the story of a sailor on which the Warner Bros. film is based'. This is more than a collection of gags. Weldon Hill writes really well, with feeling as well as with wit; his dialogue is brilliant; and for its first half *Onionhead* is excellent. Later it dwindles into the routine, filmable comedy of the Services – downtrodden cook turns hero, kills Germans, is driven by remorse to church, marries girl from back home. But if you have a taste for the astringent picaresque, *Onionhead* can be safely recommended for that fine first half.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Major or Minor?

Gérard de Nerval: Selected Writings. Translated by GEOFFREY WAGNER. *Peter Owen.* 25*s.*

Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue. Translated by WILLIAM JAY SMITH. *Calder: Grove Press, New York.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As Mr Wagner and Mr Jay Smith point out, these two nineteenth-century French poets are mainly known to English readers through being mentioned in connection with T. S. Eliot. Nerval provided the line

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

which occurs in *The Waste Land*, and Laforgue suggested the tone of Eliot's earlier verse, with its deliberate introduction of apparently non-poetic elements and its oscillation between lyricism and self-conscious irony. But there is obviously a case for presenting the two poets in their own right, and these new anthologies claim to be the first serious attempts to enable the English-speaking public to appreciate their general quality.

From the anecdotal or psychological point of view, both poets lend themselves to endless comment. Nerval spanned the first half of the nineteenth century almost exactly and is a full-blooded Romantic attuned to Germanic influences. Laforgue was born in 1860, five years after Nerval's death, and during his very short career moved from grandiloquent utterance of cosmic despair to wry, modern lyricism. Both poets lost their mothers at an early date; the orphan note is discernible in their writings and they tend to bring out the mother in all the critics. Nerval was a mythomaniac who constructed a private uni-

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Himself and I

ANNE O'NEILL-BARNA

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HEINEMANN

verse from personal memories and omnivorous reading in historical and illuminist literature. He was a wanderer, an obsessed lover perpetually reliving his love affairs and, periodically, a certified lunatic who finally hanged himself. Laforgue, like Keats, died of consumption at twenty-seven. He had been, in turn, a half-starved young literary man in Paris, reader to the Empress of Prussia in Berlin, a rather complicated misogynist and, finally, husband to an apparently charming young English girl who coughed her way to the grave a few months after him. The works are, in both cases, predominantly autobiographical, so that many a happy hour can be spent puzzling out the exact nature of incidents in the lives and relating them to their verse or prose transpositions.

This kind of speculation is particularly tempting in the case of Nerval because, being unbalanced and interested in occultism, he left behind him some of the most obscure writings in French literature. Commentaries have grown thick and fast in recent years around the handful of sonnets called *Les Chimères*, which can be read as personal confessions, as patterns of esoteric reference and as attempts to transmute both the personal and the esoteric into a new universal myth. For instance, the line already quoted

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie—

which Eliot no doubt uses merely to evoke a feeling of nostalgia for those less vulgar ages in the past when things were not so bad as they have since become, has much more than a simple folk-song or fairy-tale ring in the context of Nerval's verse. It seems that he actually believed he was descended from the Princes of Aquitaine, while *à la tour abolie* is said to be an expression used by the occultists. The line sounds as anonymous, as mysterious and as poetically 'pure' as

Childe Roland to the dark tower came—

but it is, in fact, a combination of personal delusion and out-of-the-way learning, used to render a general feeling of despair.

There is no doubt about the poetic quality of this one line when isolated from its context and quoted as Eliot quoted it. The question is: does the sonnet, *El Deschidado*, finally convince as a whole? All *Les Chimères* have a sort of mad authority, but what do they add up to in the end? And the prose? *Aurélia* is a fascinating document on dementia and *Sylvie* is a charmingly authentic pastoral although it derives directly from the first half of Rousseau's *Confessions* and Restif de la Bretonne's *La Vie de Mon Père* and *Monsieur Nicolas*, but are they tremendously important as works of art? In short, is Nerval's present enormous vogue in France really justified? A similar problem arises in the case of Laforgue. Both poets were undoubtedly original, they are both extremely likeable and their lives were tragic. As a result, they are written about with great passion, and exaggerated claims are made, it seems to me, for their actual achievement. At first, *El Deschidado* sounds like a great poem. When you have puzzled it out and discover Nerval is just going round in the circle of his obsessions and delusions, referring now to his mother and now to one or other of his unhappy love affairs, it fades. He has not created a myth but the semblance of one. Similarly, much as I admire Laforgue's intelligence, his talent as a letter-writer and the genuine inventiveness of his verse, I cannot see that this quality ever produces a completely successful great poem; even *L'Hiver qui vient* in *Derniers vers*, perhaps the most ambitious of his later works, seems good only in patches. Eliot made more of Laforgue than Laforgue had done himself, although in a way he betrayed him by transferring his unbeliever's tone to a believer's setting.

These reservations about the ultimate quality of Nerval and Laforgue should not, however, be taken as a denial of their interest and seminal value in literary history. Nerval's obscurity helped to bring about the more pregnant obscurity of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, as is clear from the Nervalian reminiscences in their verse, and had an intensifying effect on the whole stream of modern poetry. As for Laforgue, he shows a minor poet can invent a tone, even though he does not handle it in a great way himself. Also, both poets are fascinating characters and good prose-writers. Therefore, these two anthologies can be recommended to anyone not acquainted with the works in the original French. In both the prose has been well translated, with only very slight inaccuracies. Nerval's verse defies any attempt at translation, as Mr Wagner admits, but Mr Jay Smith is remarkably successful in giving an impression of Laforgue.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

MIND

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of Psychology and Philosophy

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Away From the Wen

Where London Ends. By E. W. MARTIN. *Phoenix House.* 30*s.*

Big cities are sitting targets: the twenty thousand streets under the sky, the smoke, the fatuous pursuit of fashion, the Teds in their asphalt jungle. The metropolitan's retort that the provinces are dull doesn't quite convince when, outside, the grass is green, the trees in bloom, the sea a mile away. More to his point is that bigotry may also bloom and that the vigorous communal life may also be a burden of obligation.

Mr Martin likes the country town and argues that English life would be healthier, spiritually wealthier and generally more wise if strength were now to flow back from metropolis to region. He doesn't denigrate cities: the crowd may sometimes be lonely and sick but it has also created comfort, tolerance and gaiety. 'The culture of the region, of the provincial area,' however, 'is different from that of the great cities but is it less admirable or valuable?'

Mr Martin buttresses his affection for the country town with a study of the development of English provincial life over the past two centuries, of its press, government, education and the transforming Industrial Revolution. He writes easily and with enthusiasm. His case is a good one. But suppose one accepts it. Suppose one believes that there's an imbalance to be corrected. How is it to be done? It is all very well to say that light industries must be brought to the country towns, but what if industrialists do not wish to move from the great centres of production and distribution? To take an example: in the next twenty years Birmingham needs – unless the city is to move into its green belt – to lose 200,000 people and over 1,000 factories. Some have volunteered, and more will leave the conurbation. But what of the others? Will the Government subsidise 'overspill' heavily? Will it compel a move? Again, people are still leaving the provinces for the big cities in search of work. Is this to be prevented? Some city councils would like to control immigration – they don't wish to expand. Are they to be given the powers? A more detailed discussion of these issues would have added value to this interesting and persuasive book.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Gramophone Records

RECORDINGS of works as demanding in resources as *Die Meistersinger* and *Der Rosenkavalier* remain rare events even in abundant long-playing days. Formidable new versions of both these glorious operas have recently been issued so that it seems worth while to consider them a little less breathlessly than usual.

When in 1951 Decca published their *Meistersinger*, in which the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic are conducted by that Wagnerian high-priest, Hans Knappertsbusch, the recording of the third act was widely regarded as outstanding. But put against the new HMV set in which Rudolf Kempe conducts the Berlin Philharmonic, the Decca discs now sound indistinct and lacking in fullness. Not that the HMV recording is without fault: an attempt to fit it into five discs instead of the six taken by Decca has led to a good deal of distortion towards the centre of sides, while in the first act, especially, the voices are too bright and forward. Still, there is no disputing the technical superiority of the HMV set, and particularly in the second act, where even in its day the orchestral sound of the Decca version was dim and badly balanced.

But when one moves on to the performances, choice is less easy. Knappertsbusch is a notoriously uneven conductor and there are stretches of his performance, such as the scene between Sachs and Beckmesser in the last act, that are heavy and lifeless. Kempe is excellent here, he brings more dramatic excitement to the finales of the first and third acts, and throughout he imparts a fresher, more ardent lyricism to the music than does his rival. He is finely supported by the Berlin Orchestra, whose woodwind playing is far above the usual German standard, and he seems to have taken more trouble with his singers. Grummer's radiant Eva, Frick's Pogner, Gerhard Unger's excellent study of David and Schock's Walther are not only superior vocally

but penetrate much farther into their roles than do their counterparts under Knappertsbusch. For instance, in the HMV second act the whispered snatches of conversation between Eva and Walther are infinitely more dramatic and meaningful.

Yet in other ways the Decca set still scores. In the first place Schöffler's Sachs is a beautifully mature, rich and varied performance whereas on the HMV set Ferdinand Frantz is sadly dry, cautious and dull. And then there is Knappertsbusch. For all the passages in which he is clearly less engaging his performance has a grandeur of conception and profundity of insight that Kempe does not reach. Let me give just two examples of what I mean. Whereas in the great *fugato* finale to the second act Kempe slides into a gradual *accelerando*, Knappertsbusch takes a rock-like, though by no means slow, tempo, and then, where Wagner has marked 'somewhat faster', increases speed decisively. From there he works up to a huge and prodigiously exciting climax, while in the Kempe version the climax suddenly arrives and takes the listener by surprise. It is in this architectural grasp of long stretches of the score that Knappertsbusch shows his superiority. My other example is this: in the second act, after Eva has questioned Sachs on how Walther fared before the Mastersingers, there comes a hush in the music and then coyly and shyly Eva says, 'Could not a widower also win?' At this revelation of Eva's feeling for Sachs there is a most ravishing modulation. But the wonderfully sensitive manner in which Knappertsbusch handles it makes the listener realise that it is not only a moment of exquisite tenderness but one of the focal points of the whole opera. He thereby also shows the difference between good and great conducting. Still, in spite of all this, most of the tricks, including that of price, are on the side of HMV.

* * *

On Columbia Karajan presides over a four-disc *Rosenkavalier* that is by any standards a considerable achievement, and were it not for Kleiber's superb performance on Decca, I should on most counts recommend it. The recording is outstanding. The voices are clear and well projected, the orchestral sound is rich and luminous and the balance is as successful as I have heard. The Decca set never reaches this technical standard, and although the orchestral reproduction improves in the later acts, it tends to do so at the cost of vocal clarity and balance. Between most of the singers choice must be a matter of taste. As Ochs, Edelmann on Columbia profits by Karajan's slow tempi to deliver his long *parlando* passages with great point and humour, and he has as fine a command of *wienerisch* as I have heard on the gramophone. On Decca Ludwig Weber is less entertaining but he has a fuller voice and is indisputably the finer singer. I enjoyed the earthy and more boyish mezzo quality of Christa Ludwig's Oktavian (Columbia) and her evident immersion in the role, but on Decca Jurinac sings with a more even line and voluptuous voice. As Sophie, Teresa Stich-Randall (Columbia) scores in sheer beauty of tone. But her articulation is atrocious, she minces at the notes and somehow deprives her line of a rhythmic undercurrent, so that Güden's clear, firm, if rather pert, handling of the part on Decca is preferable.

And now for more controversial matter. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Marschallin should be superb, for she sings with wonderful control and variety of tone and expression. In fact it is mannered and vulgar. Every point is overplayed and overemphasised; there are passages where hardly a note escapes some little affectation or other; and by making everything so indiscriminatingly meaningful she ends by making it meaningless. What is important about the Marschallin is what lies *behind* her words, and the occasions on which her real emotions become overt are relatively few. But Schwarzkopf will have none of this. Every point is stuck under your nose lest you should miss it, and the effect is sometimes ludicrous. On her entry in the third act the Marschallin is certainly moved, but she is a great lady and very much in control of the situation. Schwarzkopf, however, is so pulsating with outward emotion that she confronts the police inspector, her husband's former batman, with a wobbling chin! Reining's performance on Decca is admittedly weak, notably in the earlier part of the first act. But later on she sings very decently, if without much character; and if I am obliged to choose between an overdone or an underdone Marschallin, then give me the latter every time.

Karajan's performance is prodigiously efficient and the Philharmonia play with great virtuosity. Yet in the main I decisively prefer Kleiber. His tempi are fresher and much better chosen, as well as following the composer's instructions more faithfully. And he shows a really wonderful stylistic equipoise in his handling of the great range of emotions this fascinating work contains. Although there are occasional passages where Karajan gains, Kleiber's account of the score is authentic and will remain one of the great recordings to which future generations will return for profit and enjoyment. And the Vienna Philharmonic on Decca carry all before them in the waltzes.

For those who do not want to buy the whole of *Rosenkavalier* there is a very acceptable DGG disc containing the latter part of acts one and three, starting in each case after Ochs's exit. It is also the only record available in this country of Tiana Lemnitz's well-conceived Marschallin. Milincovic is an ardent Oktavian, But Leitner's conducting is rather pedestrian and the mediocre recording is evidently not new. A little DGG seven-incher contains the end of the second act, with Ochs's letter scene well enough sung by Kurt Boehme and decently conducted by Robert Heger. The recording is good.

Arabella is clearly not a work on the same level of inspiration and invention as *Rosenkavalier*. But it is too often dismissed as a mere rehash of a successful formula, and after listening with huge enjoyment to the admirable new Decca recording I felt that this last fruit of the collaboration between Strauss and Hofmannsthal is not only an enchanting entertainment but a much richer score and a more original work than one might at first suppose. This impression is no doubt partly due to an outstandingly fine performance under Georg Solti and to some skilful casting. For once here is a major operatic recording with no serious flaw. Edelmann, Dermota and Güden are all excellent, and apart from some lack of ease and brilliance in his top register George London makes a rich-voiced and romantic Mandryka. Lisa della Casa begins well and goes from strength to strength. By the third act she is singing not only with an unfailingly lovely quality of tone but with a more intense sense of the words and of dramatic situation than she has shown before. The Vienna Philharmonic is in superb form and the recording is exceptionally fine. Although it stretches over seven sides the benefit is reaped in full, rich and brilliant sound.

A new DGG *Ein Heldenleben* performed by the Saxon State Orchestra under Karl Böhm certainly sounds fuller and more resplendent than the rather elderly Decca recording of Krauss and

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PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
(14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.)
Edited by H. B. Acton

VOL. XXXIII — No. 125

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the Vienna Philharmonic. But Böhm's performance, though solid and extremely competent, lacks the flair and character of Krauss's and in this music the Viennese orchestra is hard to beat. Personally, I would stick to the older recording. The *Symphonia Domestica* is not calculated to appeal to those for whom refinement of taste is a cardinal virtue. But an exceedingly fine and high-powered performance by Reiner and the Chicago Orchestra on RCA brings out all the mastery and *panache* of this fascinating if uneven score. The strings lack the silken Viennese touch but make up for it in brilliance and strength. The huge masses of sound are rich, lucid and easy to reproduce. A winner for me and fellow vulgarians.

Strauss's two horn concertos are separated by more than sixty years. The later of the pair is a skilled if rather vapid affair, but the earlier is a fresh and engaging Mendelssohnian piece that shows astonishing mastery for a boy of 19. Both works are superlatively played by Dennis Brain on Columbia, with a technical mastery and musical insight that are equally complete. Under Sawallisch the Philharmonia provide a lively accompaniment and the recordings are first rate. This disc forms a worthy memorial to the greatest horn player of our day.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,466 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a verse on the English Sunday (limit 12 lines). Entries by 15 April.

Result of No. 1,463 **Set by Comus**

Among the amenities of the USSR, we learn, are sobering-up stations where people who have had too much to drink are brought for a bath, coffee, and a sleep. Competitors are invited to submit a Jolly Song of a Sobering-Up Station.

Report

The jollity was sadly strained in some of these tales of pink sputniks, deviationist legs and moujiks in the gutter as drunk as a commissar. But the right unregenerate note was struck here and there:

Last night beside the River Don you downed your Vodka quickly
And now your head spins round and round decidedly sputnikly—
(DOUGLAS GRANT)

There is a sweat-shop in the town,
And there my masseur rubs me down
And there we roast and then we freeze
And never never get DTs—
(JAMES S. FIDGEN)

We've cast aside our memories of drunkenness,
Disgusted at our former moral sunkenness,
And we feel no aftermath,
Now we're sitting in a bath
Of water—water—wa-ter.
(JOHN VALLINS)

We saw bigger revolutions than October
When they froze the tap and threw us thro' the door.
(W. C. DAISH)

Honourable mention to these, to Gerald Pringle ('When they "Time Gents!" call in the "Hammer and Sickle"'), Gloria Prince, Leo Spero, Jessie M. Kaulfuss, J. A. Lindon. Two guineas each to D. A. J. S., Barbara Roe and H. Hardman.

JOLLY SONG OF A SOBERING-UP STATION

We're shock-troops in the fight against a Bacchic ideology;
For over-social Socialists we have our methodology;
We're counter-dissipationists,
Correcting all potationists
And Vodkist deviationists
Who reek of alcohology.

If any erring citizen's indulging to satiety
A Stakhanovite capacity for liquors in variety,
We make the proletarian
A teetotalitarian
With courses caffeinarian
In Soviet sobriety.

D. A. J. S.

I saw three trams go sailing by, sailing by, sailing by,
I saw three trams go sailing by,
At eleven o'clock in the morning.

Three Kremlins kept them company, company, company, etc.
Three commissars followed on behind, on behind, on behind, etc.
They put me to bed in three cosy cots, cosy cots, cosy cots, etc.

So nine jolly cheers for our three Krushchevs, three Krushchevs, three Krushchevs,
So nine jolly cheers for our three Krushchevs,
At eleven o'clock i' the morning.
H. HARDMAN

THE JOLLY UPSOBERER

Pour it strong and pour it black,
Drink up my hearty!
And even if now you're flat on your back
You'll soon be dancing a gay gopak
At a jolly good sober party.

Run it hot and run it quick,
Jump in, my Georgie!
A bath's the thing for making you sick
If you want to get sober in half a tick
For a jolly good sober orgy.

Sleep it off and sleep some more,
Down with temptation!
There's time tomorrow for pints galore
Of the stuff that'll land you back on the floor
Of this jolly good sober station.

BARBARA ROE

City Lights

From China to Peru

'To sum up: the United Kingdom's economic problems in 1958 are inevitably bound up with the course of world economic developments . . . Its ability to exert its influence on world economic affairs in a positive direction depends upon its own economic strength.' The only live spark left in the Treasury must be the man who decided that this year's *Economic Survey* should be published on the First of April.

There is one positive statement in it—'it seems probable that the decrease in the pressure of demand in relation to productive capacity which took place in 1957 will continue into 1958'. The

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government's attitude to this prospect is becoming increasingly ambiguous. There is an obvious difference between the *Survey's* bland assurance – 'the United States government have expressed their confidence that the current recession in the United States need not [note the word need] be prolonged' – and the Prime Minister's declaration at Halifax this week that the government has already prepared plans for fighting a depression. Relations between the Treasury and various government ministers have become so confused in the past few months that it is no longer possible to say where the real source of ineptness lies. Who for example suggested that the Treasury's *Bulletin for Industry*, under the heading 'Some Myths Exploded', should hymn Britain's economic achievements? Who persuaded the Treasury to issue a controversial little booklet called *The Pound and Our Future*? Who induced it to bring out a leaflet which would explain the dangers of inflation to the working man in simple terms? (Who killed Inflation? I, said the Housewife, with my little Purse, I killed Inflation). Was it perhaps Lord Hailsham?

* * *

The City, at any rate, has managed to brush off the *Survey* – with some disappointment over the balance of payments surplus – and is waiting not too hopefully for the Budget. Markets have been reasonably cheerful. The gilt-edged market, despite the modest fall in Treasury bill rate, has been kept going by the government broker, who has not only raised the price of 5½ per cent. Funding stock but has brought out two new Corporation issues with coupons of 5¾ per cent. instead of 6 per cent. Industrial equities have been helped along by a spate of good company news: Imperial Chemical, profits up 10 per cent., dividend raised from 10 to 12 per cent., an unexpected scrip issue; Pressed Steel, profits up 60 per cent., dividend up from 15 to 20 per cent.; a scrip issue and an increase in the effective dividend from Beechams; higher profits and an increase in the interim dividend from Glaxo.

Taylor Woodrow – profits up 60 per cent., dividend of 20 per cent. against 10 per cent. on half the capital – is interesting for another reason. There are a number of large contracting firms, still controlled to a greater or lesser extent by family interests, who have earned their reputation for niggardliness to shareholders. Taylor Woodrow is one firm which has recently changed its ways. Another is Richard Costain. A single, unknown buyer has for some months been accumulating Costain stock on a scale sufficient to alarm the board if it no longer has absolute control. The board has now counter-attacked by raising the dividend from 10 to 17½ per cent. – adding that it was announcing this decision early because increased sales of the shares had been taking place at prices which did not reflect the improved position of the company.

* * *

Bell, London and Provincial Properties owns Park West, a block of 600 flats near Marble Arch. It has presented all its tenants with notice to quit. The agitated tenants have now learnt that fresh leases will be negotiated with them: a controlling interest in Bell has been acquired by two managing directors of A. Peachey, a large property firm. The interesting point is that the shares were acquired at prices very well above the level at which they stood until recently in the market. The new owners obviously think that they can make the business pay.

TAURUS

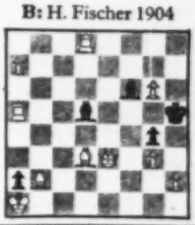
The Chess Board

No. 438. Hot Cross Bun

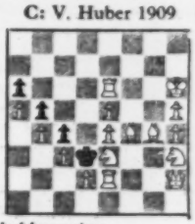
If it weren't too much of a puzzle even for chess players (unless they happen to be fathers too), I might well have called this piece 'One a penny, two a penny . . .' But after all, having got my seasonal connotation and a pretty diagram to begin with, I need say no more than that **A** is a mere mate in 3, easy enough to be quite a bargain at 5 ladder-points. **B** (for 6 points) isn't all that easy; suimates seldom are, least of all when the proposition would seem to look as steep as a suimate in 8. So I had better give some helpful hints, apart from explaining to the uninitiated that what happens is for White to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him on his 8th move. Now if solvers will bear in mind that his first two moves rid White of some of his heaviest artillery; that a little later he indulges in some clever 'under-promotion'; and that his final coup strikes as forcefully as lightning – 'a stroke of lightning' being the author's title for this piece – if solvers will remember all that they should find the problem mere child's play. **C**, at first glance, would seem to be easier still, if it were merely a question of 'White to win'. Even the additional demand for a mate in no more than 12 moves seems reasonable enough in view of White's indubitable material (and positional) advantage. Alas, there is yet another condition.

A: L. Soares 1910

B: H. Fischer 1904



C: V. Huber 1909



Two to be exact, and both of them rather tiresome. The mate is to be administered by the QRP; nor is any of the Black pawns to be captured. All I can add is the offer of my sincere sympathy for any competitor who might wonder why, on an otherwise fine Easter-Sunday there shouldn't be some simpler way of earning seven honest ladder-points.

While the author gave this piece the additional mark of his initials neatly indicated in the basic position, no such embroidery was required by the two great composers who used to make their very own mark in a rather more subtle manner. **D** is a win and **E** a draw, and they show a certain thematic affinity. Rating 8 and 9 points respectively they bring the total spoils of this holiday week-end up to 35. Usual prizes. Entries by 14 April.

D: Henri Rinck 1916

E: K.A.L. Kubbel 1929

REPORT on No. 435. Set 15 March

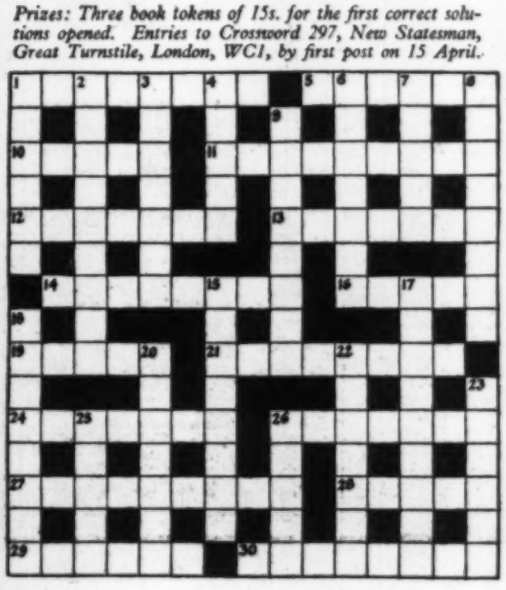
A: (1) B-B7 ch, K-R1; (2) B-K8! etc.
B: (1) Kt-Q4 ch, K-B4; (2) K-R1!! and wins the B or pushes the P.
C: (1) R-K5 ch, Kt-Q4!; (2) R x Kt ch, K-Kt3; (3) Kt-K3! P=Q; (4) R-Q1, Q-R7; (5) R-Q2, Q-K3; (6) R-Q6 ch, etc.

Many bouquets for the beauty of the Reti-*zugzwang*. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, L. G. Buxton, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sansom. While I am abroad (for about 4 weeks) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 297

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 297, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 15 April.



ACROSS

1. Not give one's entire support to the player (8).
5. Thrash the Italian who embraces everybody (6).
10. Black marks for a statesman (5).
11. Encouragement in favour of the proposal (9).
12. Age certain for obliteration (7).
13. No hero of Wilson's, I am among possible diners (7).
14. If the smell were removed from the contest a vestige would still remain (8).
16. 'And men must walk at least before they ——' (Pope) (5).
19. The hen is a liberal and a philosopher (5).
21. Without it the legacy would make a woman grow old (8).
24. A city made of hydrogen and a bit of cricket (7).
26. Gay heroine has a festive drink (7).
27. Players prohibit beams (9).
28. Compel payment of that for which no change is given (5).
29. The argument shows one page missing from an ancient writer (6).
30. It is useless not to kick so much (8).

DOWN

1. Holds a short burst to increase speed (6).
2. Extolling an archbishop above a party man (9).
3. Unglazed pottery used for a bit of food (7).
4. Wood for the police, by the sound of it (5).
6. A measure about employment was stirring (7).
7. For a penny less the landlord would provide a place fit for animals (5).
8. God examines the rooms (8).
9. To be arrogant contains a dire omen (8).
15. Pithy saying or mishap misrepresented (8).
17. Perhaps the right name for a nasty experience (9).
18. Something the bottom class has to learn provides the top class with a chance to win money (8).
20. Dish with an instrument in the middle (7).
22. The biggest have an examination about everything (7).
23. Prayer makes humanity sit up (6).
25. Nonconformist for the occasion (5).
26. Zest in taking us to the circus (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 295

	N	A	R	K	O	V	E	R		C	A	P	E
S		R	E	A		E		H	E		I	
N	O	M	I	N	A	L		S	T	E	E	R	E	D
O		E		T		E		T	R	A	S		O
W	I	N	D	U	S		C	H	E	R	W	E	L	L
		I		C		C	A		Y		U		I
B	L	A	C	K	B	O	A	R	D		A	S	P	S
R				Y	A		R		E				E
E	S	P	Y		S	T	R	O	N	G	H	O	L	D
A		E		C		O		W		G		B	
D	A	N	D	R	U	F	F		S	H	O	V	E	S
T		A		U		M		S		E		E		I
H	E	T	A	I	R	A		C	H	A	R	R	E	D
S		E		S		I		A		D		S		E
	I	S	L	E		L	A	N	D	S	E	E	R	

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 295

Jon Naar (New York 11), W. H. Tyrrell (Leigh-on-Sea), J. Nixon (Geneva)

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FEDERAL Broadcasting Corporation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies – News Service. Applications are invited from experienced journalists for the post of Head of the News Service of the newly formed Federal Broadcasting Corporation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in Salisbury. Broadcasting news experience desirable; proved organising ability essential; experience of radio interviewing, etc., a strong recommendation. Initial salary will be according to qualifications, but in any event not less than £1,800 per annum. Applications are also invited for other posts in the News Division in scales between £1,000 and £1,800 per annum. Applications, with full details of qualifications and experience, should reach the Controller of Administration, P.O. Box 8218, Causeway, Southern Rhodesia, by 25 April. Selected candidates will be interviewed in London by the Director-General during the first half of July.

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker, salary £700 × £25(3) × £30(5) – £925 p.a. Successful candidate will work with establishment of 4 Psychiatric Social Workers under clinical direction of Consultant Psychiatrists for Department. Large part of work will be with young children and their parents as part of Local Health Authority's scheme for prevention and alleviation of mental ill-health. This senior post will give considerable scope for initiative in organisation of what is a new service and will provide valuable opportunities for in-service training and teaching. Whitley Council conditions of service; post superannuable; medical examination. Applications forthwith, on forms from Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol 2.

H.M. Prisons and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors Class II. Pensionable posts for men aged at least 21 on 1.4.58 with good general education, who can fill responsible positions and are genuinely interested in reformative work with adolescents and adults. Starting salary from £580 to £769. Maximum (London) £985. Free unfurnished accommodation provided or annual allowance (up to £150) in lieu. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form quoting 166/58. Closing date 17 April, 1958.

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THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than 12 April, 1958, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

YOUTH Work. Field Organiser for Glasgow area, woman, full time. Specialised knowledge of at least one branch; some experience work in mixed clubs. Salary in region of £500. Applications giving details of exper., qualifics. skills etc. Box 9040.

EXPERIENCED Assistant for Collet's Record Shop, New Oxford St. With initiative and able to type. Very interesting prospects for right person. Salary £9 – 10 acc. age and qualifications. Present holiday arrangements guaranteed. Free superannuation and 3 weeks holiday after one year's service. Write only to Collet's, 45 Museum Street, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RADIO & electrical retail business of good standing, London. Owner reqs personal assistant of high intelligence & integrity. Good prospects for capable applicant. State age & details of career. Box 9373.

WANTED, part-time young journalist with thorough knowledge production to edit cultural illustrated monthly magazine in London. Box 9341.

MADRID – Mangold Institute requires Inspector-Supervisor for 80 English, French, German teachers. Age: 30-50. Three years' contract. Essential: experience, personality, modern teaching methods, phonetics, Spanish. Curriculum vitæ and testimonials to Director.

KINGSMUIR School, Stonelands, West Hoathly, Sussex, requires a Teacher on 5 May for a small group of maladjusted nine-year-olds, for lessons and out-of-school activities. Apply Principal.

WANTED for September at Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport, Dorset (recognised co-educational boarding school with own small farm), a Science Master and a Matron or Assistant Matron. Resident posts. Apply, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Principals.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. Thoroughly experienced Mistress (pref. Froebel) for Junior school, wanted in May or Sept.

MADRID – Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, requires for Sept./Oct. 1958, Teachers of English with knowledge of Spanish. Minimum age 25; teaching experience essential.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Children's Visitors – required for vacancies due to increased establishment. Applicants should hold University degree or qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate for Child Care Officers. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.I. – £575 × 30 – £725, plus £20 temporary excess rate. Commencing salary not less than £635 + £20. Additional increment for Child Care Certificate. Further particulars from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications – Friday, 18 April 1958.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls between the ages of 14 and 17 (within the Home Office Approved School System), Drewstead Road, SW16. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Housemother. Salary according to Home Office scale and qualifications. It is essential that applicants should be interested in the problems of the delinquent adolescent. Similar residential experience desirable. Cookery, Music and Games an added recommendation. Preference will be given to communicant members of the Church of England. Apply, stating age, and with fullest particulars to the Headmistress, as soon as possible.

READING Education Committee. Child Guidance Hostel, 2 St Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required. The hostel accommodates twelve children (boys and girls) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary scale: £370-£440 per annum, less £116 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Dr Ella Ward, Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr Ward within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

LCC requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty initially in Kensington area. Energy & ability to manage staff necessary. Previous experience in running domestic help or similar Social Service desirable. Salary £520 to £667 10s. Pensionable. Apply to Divisional Medical Officer, 133 Fulham Palace Road, W6, by 12 April. (573.)

EAST London. Voluntary Organisation for Children needs Case Worker (woman). Sal. accdg qualifications & exp. Box 9401.

SECRETARY / Shorthand - Typist required for Professor of Crystallography at University College London (Gower St, WC1); previous secretarial experience in scientific dept and some knowledge of Chemistry desirable; age 25-35; salary scale £525-£645; five-day week, six weeks holiday. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

CARETAKER required for Mary Ward Settlement; suit someone just retired with small pension. 4-room flat. Apply Warden, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1.

FEMALE required for straightforward clerical work. Age immaterial but some knowledge of crafts an advantage. Hours and remuneration by arrangement. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

AT Conduit St Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

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HOUSE Manager whose duties would be part-time wanted for home for elderly people. Resident but temporary post in the first instance. Tel. SYD. 3438 for appointment.

EXPERIENCED child-lover needed to take charge of small privately run children's home in Surrey. Box 9344.

NANNY Housekeeper reqd to take charge of young baby & easily-run flat. Charming accom. prov. Mrs R. Urquhart, Flat 1, Byron House, Byron Hill, Harrow on the Hill.

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SEC. wanted for Man. Dir. of N. London electronics firm working closely with printing industry throughout world. English, German, French shorthand reqd. ARC. 5466.

GERMAN-born linguist (preferably with commercial experience) wanted as full-time language tutor in leading language and secretarial college, London. Immediate vacancy. Box 9359.

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SECRETARY/Personal Assistant required for London office of official German academic organisation. Graduate preferred. Good German, German shorthand essential. Salary £500-520. Box 9337.

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TOP quality, senior Sales or Marketing Executive desires change to go-ahead business. Mature experience and excellent records of pre-war and post-war success in both capital goods and consumer markets. University degrees and sound experience of intelligent production planning and financial control; accustomed to handling industrial design, advertising, public relations. Prefers to join company with technical background, but ready to consider any suggestion from business able and willing to utilise courageous initiative in difficult time approaching. Write Box 9274.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644.

PERSONAL

ARTIST rejected by art pundits seeks place to show his anti-war Paintings to public. Seen London W2. Box 9372.

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A TOURING caravan, privately owned, for hire. £5-£10 p.w., according date. 4-berth. 13a Gaysham Ave, Ilford, Essex.

MAN, woman or couple, any nationality, for housework, occasional help coffee & art shop, Lake District. Intelligence, dog- & country-lover essential. Box 9243.

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BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: 11 Apr. 'The Romantics'. 18 Apr. 'Learning Italian'. Send card for lists of weekends.

SWEDISH boy 9, wishes exch. accom. Stockholm 3 weeks June. 1 min. International Football. Suitable family. Box 9309.

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PERSONAL—continued

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

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ECONOMIC Showdown (R. Palme Dutt); The Miners: A Re-appraisal (J. R. A. Machen, Yorkshire President); North Africa Shakes France (D. Buckle); Indonesia: The War Plot (J. Woddis), etc., in 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 8d. or 9s. ½-yrly, post-free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

FRANCE'S Bravest Weekly: France-Observateur. Year: £2 12s, ½-yr. £1 8s. Cheques 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

CROSSMAN cries for it: Business Background of MPs, ed by Andrew Roth; 900 past and present directorships held by MPs listed and classified; 10s to Parliamentary Profile Services, Ltd, 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

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WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

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KINGS Rd. B/s., civilised, over shop flat. Share bath, kit., with dog, married couple. 70s. KNI. 4635.

S/c. well furn. flat, lounge, 3 bedrms, kit., frig. £8 10s. p.w. SPE. 0987 evgs.

2 SPACIOUS rooms (1 with balcony), ckg facs, use lrg. garden, Nr W. Finchley tube (25 mins Cent. London). HIL. 3751.

TWO attractive single flatlets, 1 newly dec. with h. & c., ckg facs, £3 & £2 15s. each. Tud. 0516 until 7 p.m.

CHEERFUL single/dble rms, ckg facs. Perm. or temp. HAM. 4585/SWI. 2684.

VERY nice ground floor single room for lady in private flat. Share of kitchenette and bathroom. PAD. 8140.

SMALL, sunny, happy room. Independent accom. adult household. All amenities. Light bkfast consid. Excel. transport. £2 5s. Write/tel. 8 The Highlands, Edgware 3978.

BED-sitting & kit.-dining room to let furnished, share bathroom. Suit 1/2 persons. N. Finchley near main street shopping centre with connection to City etc. Very reas. rental for right tenant(s). Box 9354.

TO let 12 Apr.-16 Aug. S/c. bed sit. with k'ette. Barnes Bridge. Box 9361.

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FULLY furn. flat incl. linen, crockery, frig., etc. 2 beds., 2 recs., kit. avail. London area months of July & Aug. Suit cple, 1 or 2 childn. FIT. 0427 or Box 9206.

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JOURNALIST & cellist wife, quiet, responsible, no children, both working safe situations, want completely self-contained flat as from 1st week May. Hampstead, Highgate, Richmond, where cello can be played (imperative). Long tenancy reqd. Rent 7-7½ gns. wkly. Box 9288.

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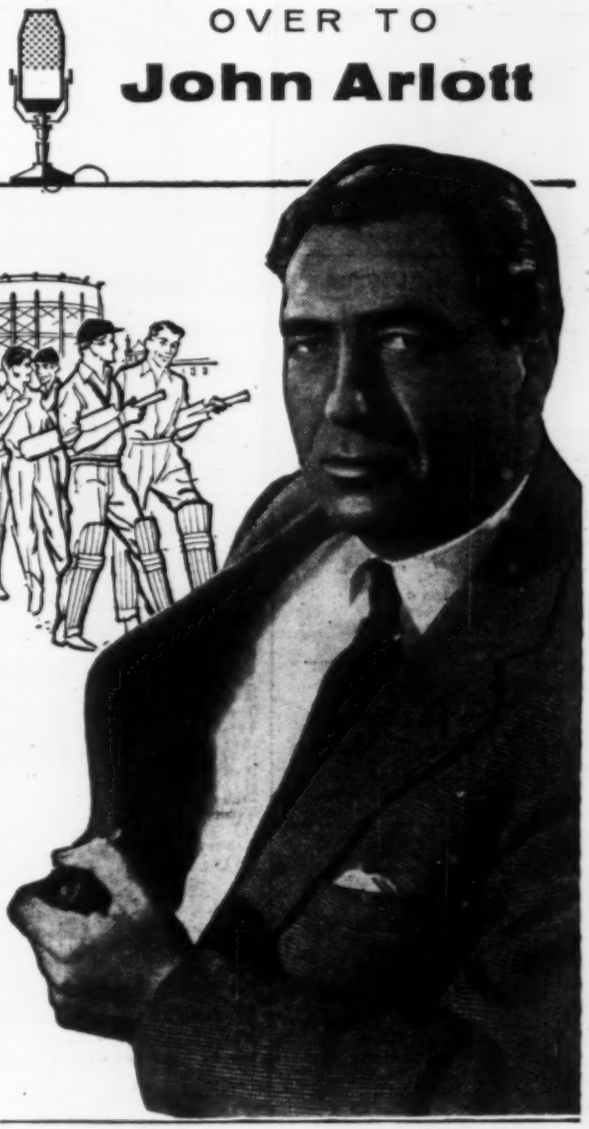

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the only tobacco which really satisfies me. St. Bruno has a very special flavour that I do enjoy. Yes, St. Bruno is a companionable tobacco . . . slow burning and satisfying.

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OPERA AND BALLET

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New Theatre Royal, Norwich.

Mon.	The Tales of Hoffmann
Tue.	Carmen
Wed.	Rigoletto
Thur.	Don Giovanni
Fri.	Faust
Sat. (Mat.)	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (Evg.)	Cav. and Pag.

Evenings 7.30. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
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7 April at 7.0.
Aida (in Italian)

8 April at 7.30.
La Boheme.

10 & 14 April at 7.30.
Jenufa.

11 & 15 April at 7.30.
Peter Grimes.

THE ROYAL BALLET

(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

9 April at 7.30.
Les Sylphides, Hamlet, Ballet Imperial.

12 April at 2.30 & 7.30.
Le Lac des Cygnes.

16 & 17 April at 7.30.
The Shadow, Giselle

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

Evgs. at 7.0. Last 2 weeks.

8, 10, 15, 16 & 19 April	The Merry Widow
9 & 17 April	La Traviata
11 April	Samson & Deliiah
12 April	The Marriage of Figaro
14 April	Tosca

The Earl of Shrewsbury presents
OPERA AT INGESTRE
Ingestre Hall, Stafford

Purcell 'Dido and Aeneas', Falla 'Master Peter's Puppet-show'
7, 10, 12, 14, 15 June
Blow 'Venus and Adonis', Bizet 'Dr Miracle'
6, 8, 11, 13 June, at 7.30 p.m.
Lammers, Hale, Harper, Pollak, Zeri. Courtn, Dobson, Alexander Young.
Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Pritchard, The Hogarth Puppets.
Tickets from Box Office, Ingestre Hall, £4 4s. including dinner.

Also 4 afternoon entertainments on 8, 11, 14 & 15 June at 3 p.m.
The Hogarth Puppets, Bernard Miles, George Malcolm, Christiane v. Acker, Michel Podolski.
Tickets 15s. each.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Fri. evs 8.0. St. & Sn. 5.0 & 8.0 The Catalyst. Mems.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8. Sat. & Easter Mon. 5.30 and 8.30. Joan Greenwood in 'Lysistrata'.

IRVING. WHI. 8627. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court. Slo. 1745. Evgs 7.30. Sat. 5 and 8.15. Wed. 2.30. 'A Resounding Tinkle' and 'The Hole'.

TH. Royal E15. Mar 5973. 8. S. 5.8. The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams.

TONESCO: 'The Picture', Engl. prem., Toynbee Theatre, E1. 9, 10, 11, 12 Apr. 8 p.m.

UNITY. Euston 5391. Opening 10 April: The Ganze Macher, Israeli comedy by Kishon. Sat. 5 April 7.30, big Easter Party 2s.

CONCERTS

BOYD Neel Orchestra (Philomusica of London). Director: Thurston Dart. The Four Seasons, Vivaldi; Art of Fugue XIII, Bach. Wed. 9 April at 5.45. Tkts. 4s. inc. prog. Royal Festival Hall, WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 6 Apl. Twelve Angry Men (U). From 7 Apl: The Happy Road (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c Apl 6. E. Taylor, V. Johnson 'Last Time I Saw Paris'. (A). D. Dick. F. Lovejoy. 'Home of the Brave'.(A).

LEWISHAM Film Society. RAV. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Central Library. 5 April, 8 p.m. 'Ten Best Amateur Films of 1956'. Admission 2s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

GALA Performance of the Technicolor Film 'South Pacific' at the Dominion Theatre, London, on Wednesday, 23 April at 7.45 p.m. Proceeds in aid of the J.N.F. Charitable Trust. Tickets 5 gns., 3 gns., 2 gns., 1 gn., 10s. 6d., from the Organising Secretary, 65 Southampton Row, WC1.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions have a wide range of French Impressionist paintings and water colours. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Tancredi – Paintings & Gouaches. Opening Wed., 9 April. Until 2 May. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ARROBUS Exhib. Hampstead Pictures. High Hill Bookshop, 11 Hampstead High St, NW3, 2-30 Apr., 9.30-5.30 (ex. Thurs.).

MODERN Israel Painting. Arts Council Gallery. 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 April. Open Easter Monday, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tu. & Thurs. 10-8, Adm. 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Closed 4 to 7 April inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. 'The Christian Vision' Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture. Also Recent Paintings by William Henderson. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 26 April.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Some Pictures from the E. J. Power Collection. Closing 19 April. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Print Exhibition and AIA picture lottery.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Rec. Pntgs Julian Trevelyan. From 10 Apr.

HEAL'S 1958 Designs. An exhibition of new designs showing the latest trends in furnishing. Write for catalogue. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. MUSeum 1666.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Later works, Jack B. Yeats. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

AIA 25th Anniversary Exhibition at RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, Pall Mall, SW1. Weekdays 10-5. Wed. & Fri. 10-7.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Lucian Freud – drawings by Marcel Frishman. 25 March until 12 April. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Taylor, Chapin, Pass. 9 April-25 April. Daily 10-7 inc. Saturdays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES AND LEFT REVIEW CLUB

Easter Monday (7 April) – NO meeting.

See you all at Aldermaston.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The Motivation of Culture', illustrated statement by Cedric Price and Bill Cowburn, Thurs, 11 April, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ENCORE Magazine presents a discussion, 'Theatre & the Left' at 7.30 p.m., Sun., 13 April, in the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1. Tickets 3s. 6d. at the door. (Encore subscribers may buy tickets at 2s. 6d. in advance only from 25 Howland St. W1.)

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 12 April at 6 p.m. French Film: Rififi.

SWAMI Ghanananda. Sun. 5 p.m. 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: 'Resurrection and Reincarnation'. Thurs. 10 Apr., 6.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Yoga of Wisdom'. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WEA London District Rally, Bedford College NW1. Sat., 12 April, 3-11 p.m. Address by Prof. F. Zweig. Tea, Film Show, Dancing, Bargain Bkstall. Tkts. 5s. from WEA. 28 Woburn Sq, WC1. S.a.e. MUS. 5570.

CONFERENCE Rally Meeting. 'Annihilation or Socialism?' Sunday 6 April at 7.30 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Speakers: E. Willmott and J. D'Arcy. Admission free.

BUDDHIST Society. Three Special Public Lectures on Zen will be given at Caxton Hall, SW1, by the distinguished Western authority on this subject, Alan W. Watts, as follows: – Wed. 23 April, 6.30: 'The Way of Liberation in Zen Buddhism'; Wed. 30 April 'Zen and Communication'; Fri. 2 May: 'Chinese Zen and Indian Yoga'. Since Mr Watt's travelling expenses must be met, we are departing from our usual practice and charging 5s. admission for each lecture. Tickets from 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Order now to avoid disappointment.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 11 April, 8.30 p.m. Dr K. V. Mulabagala, 'Ideals of Sankaracharya'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W.2.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 6 April. Ancient and Modern Science. U.L.T., Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St. W8, Sun., 6 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Decision and Choice'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'HERALDRY', course of 11 lectures commencing Thursday, 17 April also 'Australia and New Zealand' from Tuesday 15 April. Fee 13s. Apply Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1.

EVENING Lecture, 17 April on Atomic Physics for Everyman, Professor C. F. Powell. Fee 14s. Mid-week Residential Course, 21/25 April on Thinking, Speaking and Writing. Lecturers include L. A. G. Strong. Fee £7 7s. Details from the Secretary, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

PAINTING Holiday at Dartington Hall, Devon, 22 July-1 August. Organised by The Society of Mural Painters. Painting on the Wall; Outdoor Sketching; Still Life Painting, etc. in studio; Instruction and Demonstrations of Techniques by members of the Society. Lectures by Eric Newton, Stephen Bone, Hans Feibusch & others. Art Films. Discn. Bathing. Excursions. Write Mrs Meninski, 63 Canfield Gdns, London, NW6.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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PYRENEES for 15 days. British Social Biology Council's Summer School at Pau from 8-25 Aug. 'The Adolescent at Home and at School.' Director: C. [redacted]. £38 inc. Write Sec., BSBC, 69 Eccleston Sq., SW1.

INTERNATIONAL summer course 'This England' conducted by Holly Royde College, Manchester University. July 5 to 26, or single weeks. Contemporary questions in education, economic and social affairs and the arts. Full programme of visits and study tours including North Wales and Peak District. Inclusive fee £10 10s. per week. Brochure from The Warden, Holly Royde College, Manchester, 20.

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